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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

OPINION of events in China largely depends upon the interpretation of the word "prestige." By our impressive moderation in Hankow and Kiukiang we have undoubtedly lost that prestige which is bred of hatred and fear and which, naturally enough, nearly everybody who has lived in China in the past believes to be the only basis upon which you can deal with the "heathen Chinese." But the point which certain of our newspapers still refuse to see is that, however little we may like it, the Chinese intend in the future to deal with us more or less upon a basis of equality, and a few volleys from the marines at Hankow or a few shells from warships on the Yangtse would only lead to a great deal of bloodshed—British as well as Chinese—without in the least modifying the demands of Chinese Nationalism. On the other hand, our own moderation is undoubtedly strengthening the more

moderate elements of Kuomintang, and thereby diminishing the damage which British property and persons must inevitably suffer during the transition period.

At the moment of writing it is impossible to forecast the result of the talks between Mr. O'Malley, of the British Legation in Peking, and Mr. Eugene Chen of the Cantonese Government, but it is difficult to believe that they will not reach an agreement restoring affairs in Hankow to the normal, or as near to the normal as is possible in a China which changes from day to day. It is now clear that, much as individual citizens may have suffered both at Hankow and Kiukiang, Mr. Chen's lack of control over the mob has been grossly exaggerated, and it is so much to the interest of the Nationalists to see British business men at work again that any danger there may ever have been of a definite incitement to disorder, to compel the Western Powers to take forcible measures which would strengthen the anti-foreign feeling, has disappeared. The real test of Mr.

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Chen's influence and of our own moderation will come when the Nationalists are near enough to Shanghai to make rioting and reprisals seem more tempting than level-headed negotiation. Meanwhile, we are glad to note that the Cabinet has endorsed the Foreign Office policy of conciliation.

Any uncertainty as to the policy to be adopted by the State Department in its dealings with Nicaragua has been cleared away by Mr. Coolidge's message to Congress. The obviously insincere argument that Admiral Latimer has been compelled to land marines at various points in Nicaraguan territory in order to protect American and European subjects has been replaced by a frank statement that the United States intends to keep Señor Diaz in office because Dr. Sacasa, his opponent, has received support from Mexico. Not only are rifles being forwarded to the Diaz faction with Washington's consent and encouragement, but, it is reported, American ships will hold up Mexican vessels on the high seas if they are suspected of carrying arms to the Nicaraguan Liberals. By this step President Coolidge casts aside the last pretence of neutrality and brings his country face to face with the possibility of hostilities with Mexico—hostilities in which the public opinion of the rest of the world would be at least as critical of the United States as it was of our own country during the Boer War.

The coming Session is likely to be one of the most memorable of the century, for it will witness the great battle of trade union reform. In his speech to his constituents last Saturday the Prime Minister remarked that the Government had been thrown out of its legislative stride by the industrial events of the past year and that the financial results of the mines stoppage had "put back for some time, whatever Government is in power, any further substantial progress" in immediate social legislation. He is right. Forthcoming legislation must be mainly prophylactic. The Government will necessarily incur considerable hostility by their determination to reform the unions, and we trust that they will not incur it for nothing. We have repeatedly urged in these columns that the only way effectively to deal with this ticklish question is to render every big strike illegal unless compulsory arbitration has first been tried. It is ridiculous that a measure which has already been adopted in international affairs should be denied to domestic disputes.

The result of the partial elections to the French Senate is so inconclusive that both Right and Left are able to claim a victory. While the defeat of M. Millerand is in some quarters interpreted as a serious rebuff to the Nationalists, the gains of the Parties of the Left are not large enough either to alter the policy of the Senate itself or to shake the Right in its opposition to M. Briand's plans for closer co-operation with Germany. Indeed, it is now suggested that the Foreign Minister is wavering in his decision to press for a vote of confidence and that he may be constrained sufficiently to dilute the spirit of Locarno to make it palatable to his

colleagues in the Poincaré Cabinet. His position is certainly not strengthened by the fact that President Hindenburg is encouraging the formation, under Dr. Curtius, of the German People's Party, of a Ministry with the support, or even the participation, of the Nationalists. Nor will he welcome the news that the German budget provides for considerably increased expenditure on the army and navy.

Meanwhile, without encouragement from abroad, Herr Stresemann may find it even more difficult than M. Briand to carry out a policy of European pacification. Encouragement in the form of a speedy evacuation of the Rhineland becomes increasingly improbable, while no settlement of a dispute about the export of German war material seems likely. Unless agreement is reached by the end of this month as to whether or no Germany is entitled to export materials such as optical glasses and ships' boilers which might possibly be used for war purposes, the question will have to be submitted to the League Council. On this point at least it seems that some satisfaction might be given to Germany, and for two reasons. One is that we, and not the French, oppose this export, and we have so frequently attacked France for her excessive demands on Germany that we cannot afford to live in a glass house. The other is that, if we maintain our opposition, every nation in Geneva will believe that we are trying, by means of the Versailles Treaty, to place Germany at an unfair commercial disadvantage.

Mr. A. P. Herbert, in one of those welcome incursions of his into the correspondence columns of *The Times*, has given us some of the results of his study of Socialist terminology, that peculiar form of the King's English which is never heard outside the ranks of the Socialist and Communist Parties. It is a language of extraordinary richness, but perhaps "gradualistic" is its noblest achievement up to date. If a revolution or social upheaval is to be accomplished not all in one afternoon, but step by step, it is called "gradualistic," and those who prefer this method of approach are said to have "a gradualistic objective." The Socialist or Communist never uses a short word if a long one will do. Mr. Herbert's suggestion is that the way to make all this meaningless bombast is by laughter, and we believe he has put his finger on the truth. Ridicule is a deadly political weapon, and nowhere more effective than in England.

By a curious, and apparently quite undesigned coincidence, the shocking news of the disastrous kinematograph fire in Montreal, where scores of children were crushed or burned to death, was followed within a few hours by a brief announcement of a successful test which has just been made in London of a non-inflammable film upon which the British inventor has been engaged for many years past. Subjected to a test which would immediately send an ordinary film up in flames, the new film, it is stated, only lost its outer coating by melting after several minutes, and never ignited itself nor gave off any poisonous fumes. If such a film can be

marketed it is not too much to say that it will revolutionize the industry; for it will mean that cinema shows can safely be set up in any town-hall or room that happens to be available, and can thus reach a far larger public even than they do now. And horrors like the Montreal disaster should become almost unknown.

M. Zaleski, the Foreign Minister of Poland, has uttered an unusually stiff warning to Germany against any attempt to do away with the Polish "Corridor." This warning, which includes a declaration that "every Pole will sacrifice blood and fortune" in defence of Poland's present frontiers, is not connected with the few German fortresses near Königsberg which form one of the obstacles to the transfer of the control of Germany's armaments from the Conference of Ambassadors to the League. It is, rather, a refusal to agree to a scheme by which Poland would swallow up Lithuania, while the Polish Corridor and the Free City of Danzig would revert to Germany. There has been during the last few weeks a great deal of propaganda in Eastern Europe for the adoption of some such plan, and some of its strongest supporters are themselves of Polish nationality. The Polish "Corridor" is admittedly an injustice to Germany, but it would be still more unjust to hand over Lithuania to the Poles in return for the reversion to Germany of the strip of territory which at present gives Poland her outlet to the sea.

We have constantly pointed out objections to the growing custom of the newspapers to employ "experts" to write for them rather than trained journalists. Doctors, deans and actresses now fill half the columns of the Press. Obviously, there are occasions on which the views of experts are valuable, but when they write on technicalities we expect them at least to be technical. Most of the stuff written by doctors for the popular Press is worthless rubbish, but the worst example of the kind which we have yet seen was published in a Sunday newspaper this week. Where a doctor can beat journalists is in knowledge of medicine; when he descends to the level of the cheapest journalism, devoting most of his space to scaremongering and in such sentences as he can spare for his real subject telling us nothing that the ordinary person does not know already, it is time to complain. The article to which we refer appeared under the signature of a well-known doctor, and purported to deal with the subject of influenza. The writer surrendered himself to an orgy of sensationalism, inviting the public, in the worst journalese, to "shudder at the possibilities that rush to one's mind" when we remember "the dread visitation of 1918-19." This is alarmist talk of which most trained journalists, though they knew nothing of doctoring, would not have been guilty. It is scandalous that the public should be fed on such pernicious nonsense, and encouraged to believe that it is sound medical advice.

The domestic politics of South Africa are primarily her own affair, but it is plain that General Hertzog has got himself into a mess over

the Flag Bill controversy. As he has, on his own showing, been convinced by his visit to London that South Africa, as a member of the British Empire, is "as free as any nation on earth," there will seem to Englishmen no valid reason left why he should protest against the inclusion of the Union Jack in the South African flag. But the Union Jack has been denounced as the badge of slavery; General Hertzog therefore proposes to insert the Royal Standard instead. It is an altogether too obvious, or, as the Chinese would say, too "face-saving" device, and, like most proposals of the kind, seems to have pleased neither party. It is early yet to say how the affair will end, but General Hertzog has, at any rate, shown courage in his decision to press on with the Bill. As he rightly argues, this is not a question that can be indefinitely shelved; on the other hand, it is surely too big a question to be dealt with in the spirit of party politics.

"All oratory and celebrations are to be dispensed with" henceforth in Italy, declares Signor Mussolini. It will be a great change. Already he has silenced the Press; now he is to silence himself. What is the significance of this self-denying ordinance? Is it possible that he has been reading the remarkable story of the deaf-mute of Rotterdam—at one time thought to be a missing British soldier, whose silence has set half the Press of Europe by the ears—and that he sees in it a new and quieter road to dominance? The easiest way to hoax the world is to say nothing, and Il Duce presumably means in future to be the man of mystery. Unfortunately his rule cannot be applied with absolute rigidity; he admits himself that he will occasionally have to speak, and when he does not doubt it will be to "say a mouthful." He is capable of causing more agitation among the chancelleries of Europe over the laying of one foundation stone than the average British statesman produces in a whole session of speech-making. Now his very silence will be eloquent. His nod, like Lord Burleigh's in 'The Critic,' may mean a lot in Italy, now that the man who was once christened the Kinema Napoleon has adopted the silent drama.

Many of us who have not yet reached middle age, and many more who have, will be sorry to hear of the disappearance of the old Empire music-hall, which is in process of being pulled down. But the truth is that the Empire had been dead for years: what we are witnessing to-day is only the funeral. Since those far-off years before the war when Genève graced its ballet, it had become an Empire without an Empress. Its free and easy atmosphere was entirely lost, and old-fashioned Bohemians had long abandoned in despair the hopeless task of trying to explain to the rising generation what it was that attracted the youth of the 'nineties to the music-halls, and why Mr. George Moore thought them artistically superior to the theatre. Soon there will be no one who remembers, for the great music-halls have gone and there is nothing in the least bit like them to take their place.



## DOLLAR DIPLOMACY

IF it were customary, in dealing with international affairs, to call a spade a spade with the frequency and frankness shown in discussing more domestic questions, we should by now be talking of the country which Mr. Calvin Coolidge represents as the "United States of North and Central America." For the interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine at present put forward by Washington gives the State Department the right to maintain in power any Government which it happens to favour in any country north of the Panama Canal. This rather extreme interpretation of an already antiquated and unpopular doctrine has led to one of the most significant crises there has ever been in the relations between the different countries of North, Central and South America. We are not concerned here with the rival claims of Dr. Sacasa and Señor Adolfo Díaz to be the rightful President of Nicaragua. When General Chamorro, in 1925, overthrew Don Carlos Solorzano the United States conveniently forgot the principle enunciated by President Wilson that no recognition should be accorded to any Latin-American Government set up by force, for Solorzano was a Liberal, in close touch with Mexico, and Chamorro was a Conservative. But Chamorro had no support, was compelled to resign, and was succeeded by Señor Díaz, who, in due course, was recognized by the United States as the Nicaraguan President. Dr. Sacasa was accorded similar recognition by Mexico and Guatemala. Who is the real ruler of Nicaragua is, or should be, a question for the people of the country themselves to decide.

But here "dollar diplomacy" intervened. Nicaragua owes money to the United States, and it was only reasonable that steps should be taken to protect United States citizens and investments, to say nothing of the concession, obtained in 1916, to build a trans-Nicaraguan canal. Such steps could, and would, have been taken without it being found necessary to land a single soldier on Nicaraguan soil had not the enemies of Mexico seen here a wonderful opportunity of dealing a severe blow at the President of that country. Mexico favoured Dr. Sacasa, who had inflicted severe defeats on the followers of Señor Díaz, the protégé of Washington. Therefore Admiral Latimer was ordered to land marines in Nicaragua, and to declare points of strategic importance to the Liberal faction to be "neutral zones." This strange use of the word "neutrality" was not considered a sufficient safeguard, for steps have now been taken to have Mexican ships suspected of carrying arms to the Liberals stopped and searched on the high seas—a measure very similar to certain steps taken by the British Navy early in the war, so greatly to the indignation of the United States.

Nicaragua is admittedly only a pawn in the game, for here independence has for long been little more than a name. The enemy—and, after President Coolidge's message to Congress, this is certainly not too strong a word to use—is President Calles, guilty of enforcing Mexican land laws which have been accepted under protest by most countries, but with which the petroleum magnates of the United States refuse to comply.

They have already tried to cause civil war in Mexico over the religious laws which have so affected the Roman Catholic Church—and they still have hopes of promoting trouble in this field. They are now striking at Mexico through Nicaragua. If Dr. Sacasa is defeated, they argue, his patron, President Calles, will suffer a great loss of prestige throughout Latin-America. Therefore United States marines are dragged into the business. It is urged, by way of explanation, that Great Britain and other European countries had approached Washington to ask for the protection of their citizens, but it is not yet clear in what terms this appeal was made, and to what extent the lives and property of Europeans have been endangered.

The effects of President Coolidge's intervention in Nicaragua will be far-reaching, and not in every instance pleasing to his Administration. In the first place, many Americans refuse to be blinded to the wider issues by alarmist talk of threats to United States concessions and United States supremacy. Men like Senator Borah and papers like the *New York World* refuse to be silenced by suggestions that it is unpatriotic to criticize, and it may well be that, by throwing in his lot with the "dollar diplomats," the President has signed his own political death warrant. It is quite possible that the United States, having gone thus far, will be compelled to go farther, and will drift into open war with Mexico, for President Calles has shown himself to be a man of stubborn determination. A war with Mexico would do the Republican Party untold harm.

But it is mainly the reaction abroad that interests us. Latin-America is at one with President Calles, and the comments of the South American Press must make unpleasant reading in Washington. For many years jealousy of the predominance of the United States has been a very important factor in the policy of the Argentine and other members of the Pan-American Union, and this feeling now finds expression in frank threats of commercial reprisals, which can only mean a marked desire to trade with Great Britain rather than with the United States. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that the attitude of the State Department has done more than anything else in the last decade to unite South America against the United States. The revolt extends even to Central America, for we read that it may now be impossible to obtain the ratification of the recent treaty with the United States under which Panama would have sacrificed what still remains to her of independence. But it is in Europe that the reaction is most significant of all, for it can hardly be expected that countries like France and Germany, so severely lectured at various times on their greed, their hypocrisy and their imperialism, would let pass this opportunity to point the accusing finger in their turn. Remembering certain comments on our own policy in China where, after all, we have to deal with Treaty Concessions and a backward race, we cannot but raise our eyebrows in astonishment.

Although the United States has such vast wealth and resources of her own, we can understand, even though we may not be able to sympathize with, this evidence of such blatant imperialism in a young and vigorous country, for



imperialism has driven us to somewhat similar actions in the past. But the time for this brand of imperialism has gone by. Instead, and with what infinite labour and patience, we are trying to build up a new system, based on President Wilson's own principle of the self-determination of peoples, for the more peaceful protection of national rights and fulfilment of national aspirations. The United States will accept none of the obligations this effort involves, for she will not besmirch herself with European entanglements and intrigues. President Coolidge's method of dealing with Nicaragua will certainly lead to no modification of this policy, but at least it destroys the last vestiges of justification for that attitude of moral superiority so often adopted by certain citizens of the United States towards this wicked and greedy Europe of ours.

### PRAYER BOOK REVISION AND ANGLICAN UNITY

WE have dwelt more than once on the unwisdom, as it seemed to us, of taking the risk of Prayer Book revision. It was throwing down a challenge to Anglican unity—a challenge which ecclesiastical parties in the Church have shown no reluctance indeed to take up, but have taken up in a fashion not likely to reassure any doubt in the Church. Neither will the general public be at all edified by the present attitude of most of the Church party leaders, who show themselves infinitely more interested in the challenge of one party to another than the really serious challenge of the world to the Church. This is the kind of attitude that the average layman despises, and plain churchmen and churchwomen deplore. The cynic laughs when he finds Christians more intent on fighting among themselves than on tackling the common enemy. It is the old story, he says, the fruit of the Gospel of Love is controversy. The gibe is superficial and in essence untrue, but really one cannot be surprised in face of the words and works of the leaders of nearly all Church parties that the world should be inclined to take the gibe seriously. Certainly the proceedings, or some of them, at the hundredth meeting of the Islington Clerical Conference, could only strengthen that belief. The Islington Clerical Conference is far from an insignificant gathering. It is representative of Evangelical opinion, and some of the most trusted Evangelical leaders are always to be found there.

Necessarily this year the matter of Prayer Book revision was to the front; and very significant, and not less serious, was the spirit inspiring some of the most important speeches. That spirit was not one of conciliation; it was not one of peace; it was, indeed, combative rather than sedative. The tone was very much that of men who were determined, if they could not have things in the Church as they believed to be right, to leave the Church, or have no Church at all. Rather than tolerate what they did not approve of, they would break up the Church and make a schism. We do not wish to suggest that this intolerant attitude is confined to Evangelicals.

No doubt many Anglo-Catholics are at least as intolerant, though we have not ourselves come across any who have declared an intention to exclude the Evangelical school from the Church, if they could, as Canon H. A. Wilson said they had done. But the sort of mind such an attitude discloses is, sad to say, not very uncommon among Church party leaders. Most unfortunately, it is very often the outcome of fervour.

These good people, for they are good according to their lights, are so certain of their own position that they believe every other position is wrong and to be ousted. It is the kind of character that does a great deal of mischief. These fiery souls would smash the Church rather than agree with their adversaries, whom they regard not as the devil but certainly as under his influence. The whole business of Prayer Book revision has tended to bring this type to the front, and nothing, as it seems to us, can save the Church and the nation from a great disaster but agreement to accept the Prayer Book as it comes from the hands of the Bishops. There we have something on which all can unite as a settlement. We are expressing no opinion on the Bishops' proposals, which only the Bishops know. The point is, not what the proposals are, but that they are the proposals of the Bishops as Bishops sitting *in banco*. This consideration, we note with some alarm, seemed to have little, if any, weight with the Islington Conference. Would it have as little weight with the Anglo-Catholic Congress? If so, the outlook is bad indeed.

The plain English churchman, who is not a partisan but, having his own views is willing to let others have theirs, must now assert himself. The mind of the Church should make it clear that it is not going to be rushed by extremists or any party organization. The Bishops are the natural exponents of the Church's position and the Church is going to abide by what the Bishops decide. This is not at all to pay little attention to views or to have none of one's own. It is, on the contrary, attaching so much importance to having views as to see the fairness of letting other people have views. Everybody knows, or ought to know, that the Anglican position covers a considerable difference in doctrine and ritual resting on a common foundation. But what is this foundation which must be preserved and how far is divergency of view allowable? There, of course, is the crux. It is a question that no private judgment can be allowed to answer. Individuals may answer it to their own satisfaction, but the answer of the Church cannot be individualist. The Bishops have the authority to answer, and their authority is unique. All schools of thought will admit this. The Bishops may err, but if only infallible authority is to be regarded, then we must either be anarchists or Papists: a description which very well fits some extremists at either end in the Church of England.

It is most earnestly to be hoped that the great body of sensible men and women will see to it that the extravagances of extremists in the Church do not land us in another schism. Unhappily we cannot trust mere churchmanship to avoid this. In fact the situation is more likely to be saved by the common sense of the country than by the Church itself; certainly much more by laity

than by clergy. The country must insist on a general acceptance of the Bishops' Report as the right and natural settlement. The secular arm has saved the Church before now. Finally, every clergyman who refuses to accept the Bishops' settlement must be regarded as not an Anglican at all. He should properly be excommunicated. If he is honest he will excommunicate himself. We do not say his position may not be respectable and honourable; but he has kept himself out of court as a clergyman of the Church of England.

It was said in this REVIEW some years ago that, for the good of the Church the Church Association and the English Church Union should be suppressed. The remark caused a good deal of heat. Subsequent experience, if we add to the category the Church League, has more than justified our view.

It would not be easy to overrate the amount or the degree of harm done to the Church by the organization of party views. All the ills that spring from party in politics thrive with greater vigour in parties in the Church.

## INDUSTRIAL PEACE

By VISCOUNT CRANBORNE

IF an eccentric foreigner of inquiring mind were to walk down any of the main streets of any of the great cities of England to-day, or a lane in any countryside, however remote, and were to ask every man and woman he met what was the most pressing problem with which this country is faced, I suppose that nine out of every ten would answer, in some form or other, the relations of Capital and Labour. A man meets with it at his work; his morning newspaper is full of it; he goes to a theatre or cinema and finds constant reference to it; he goes to a recreation room or an inn, he finds knots of people discussing it, more or less violently, from one point of view or another. The Labour Party, with five million voters, owes its very existence to it. It is undoubtedly the paramount problem of the day. And to anyone who thinks at all, there is one curious feature about it. For all it is primarily concerned with questions of wages and hours of work and other material issues, it is fundamentally a psychological problem.

Why, for instance, did the miners cling to their slogan, "Not a penny off the pay, not a minute on the day," although statistics produced before the Coal Commission showed clearly that a large number, if not the majority, of the pits would have had to close down if their demands had been acceded to? It is surely not, as some would have us believe, a mere dislike of doing more work, or the railway men, who are already working eight hours a day, would certainly have refused to strike in their support. Nor can it be merely a dislike of working for less reward, though that is a feeling common to all men. In that case the other workers, who are already receiving less, would not have sacrificed that little to help them. It is something deeper—a feeling, which is undoubtedly widely held in England to-day—that Labour, as a whole, is being exploited by Capital. The blame for this deep-seated feeling of distrust must in part undoubtedly be laid at the door of certain unscrupulous employers in the past; and it has been magnified and envenomed by the teaching of Communists and other dissatisfied and unpatriotic sections of the community, until it has to a large extent ousted that spirit of co-operation and comradeship between Capital and Labour on which the success of all industry and all enterprise must depend. The contention of this extremist school of thinkers is that under the present system of industrial

organization Labour has to be content with a pittance, and that all the profit goes to Capital, and that the interests of Capital and Labour are constitutionally and inevitably opposed. This view is so widely held and stated, and so utterly untrue, that it would seem worth while once more attempting to define capital and wages and to see what position they occupy in the industrial system.

What then is capital? and what are wages? Capital has been defined as the savings of the nation, or as wealth devoted to production. But both these definitions refer to capital in the comparatively narrow sense of money. Capital might more justly be described as the means by which wealth is created. The capital of a great pianist, the means by which his wealth is created, is his musical talent, and the flexibility and sensitiveness of his fingers; and you will often hear of such a man insuring his hands, just as a manufacturer insures his works. Or take a great doctor. His capital is his knowledge of medical science and that sympathy which enables him to absorb and comprehend the psychology of his patient. So with the miner. His capital is his hereditary, almost instinctive, knowledge of his craft, handed down from generation to generation, and the strength of his muscles. And this applies to all manual workers. Each is as much a capitalist as the great captain of industry who controls vast interests, or the small shareholder who has invested his savings in an industrial concern. And the return on this "manual capital," the wealth which it creates, is wages.

It is therefore utterly untrue to say, as is constantly said, that labour has no share in profits. The return on "manual capital" is vastly in excess of the return on money capital. In the coal industry, for instance, under the 1924 Act, they are fixed in the ratio of 87% to manual capital and 13% to money capital. And that is not the only advantage which manual capital claims, and claims successfully, over money capital. Its dividends, wages, are a first charge on industry. They are paid long before the dividend on money capital is considered, before money is even put to reserve to meet bad times. And when those bad times come, the contrast is even more striking. The money capitalist may receive no return year after year on what he has put into an industry; but so long as that industry is working, even at a loss, manual capital receives its dividends, dividends which may be reduced, but in a vast majority of cases cannot fall below a fixed minimum.

In many respects, therefore, manual capital is favourably situated in comparison with money capital. But it would be a great mistake to conclude from these premises that the lot of the individual manual capitalist is an enviable one. To use a very simple metaphor, the earnings of capital, both money and manual, may be compared to a great cake. Now, while it is true that manual capital, in bulk, receives a very large proportion of that cake (in the mining industry, for instance, 17/20ths), yet it has to be divided into so many portions that the individual manual capitalist receives a very small slice, far too small for luxury, only just enough for bare subsistence; and like everyone who gets a small slice of anything, he is apt to think that someone else is getting more than his fair share. In reality, he is getting almost the whole cake already. If he had the whole, as the extremists of the Labour Party demand (to take again the case of the mining industry, which is the most in the public eye at the present time), he would only receive 3/20ths more. It is not the proportion of distribution which is at fault. It is the size of the cake. The whole return on capital must be increased, the cake must be made bigger, if anyone is to have a substantially larger slice. And in this the interests of the money and manual capitalists are identical. Both must benefit by an increase in the return on their capital. Quarrelling and sectionalism



can only result in a diminution in the size of the divisible cake, and hurt both sides.

Co-operation, then, seems to be the main solution of our difficulties. But if manual capital is to co-operate, if the manual capitalist is to have the same outlook as the money capitalist, he must have the same status; and this in one respect he has not got at the present time.

All industrial concerns are, and must inevitably be, managed by technical experts appointed for that purpose. But in order that their interests may be safeguarded, the money capitalists or shareholders have always stipulated, when lending their capital, that representatives from among them should be appointed to watch their interests and see that all is carried out satisfactorily, and that these "directors," as they are called, though they really do not so much share in the direction of the business, as watch the interests of the shareholders, should have full access to all documents and facts as to the present position and working of the concern and all questions as to future policy.

But although the right to appoint these representatives has long been conceded to money capital, it has never been recognized so far as manual capital is concerned. And why not? They have their organizations, the trade unions, from whom representatives might easily be appointed, or if it is argued that trade unions are not suitable bodies now that they have become warped and tainted with politics, the representatives could easily be elected by mass meetings of the men, by works committees, or in other ways. This differentiation between the two forms of capital is quite inequitable, and is, one may be sure, the psychological factor at the root of very much of the trouble to-day. The money capitalist is welcomed into the Board Room; the manual capitalist has the door slammed in his face. Is it wonderful that he is distrustful of what goes on behind those closed doors, or that he should imagine that he is being exploited, when he has no one to protect his interests?

Put him on all fours with other capital, and not only will he realize that he is getting a square deal, but he will see, what he does not see now, what an essential part money capital plays in the life of industry, how it is the very life blood, coursing through the arteries and "small inferior veins," bringing health and strength wherever it goes, and that without it they, the bones and the muscles, would become gradually atrophied, until the whole body of industry declined and died.

It is no new situation with which we are faced. A striking parallel might be drawn between medieval England in the very birth pangs of the parliamentary system and industrial England to-day. In a most interesting passage in Mr. Trevelyan's 'History of England,' he says:

Edward I . . . decided to continue and popularize the experiment that had occasionally been made during his father's turbulent reign, of summoning representatives of the counties and boroughs to attend the great conferences of the magnates of the realm. He wanted, for one thing, to collect certain taxes more easily. The difficult assessments could not be well made without the willing help and special knowledge of the local knights and burgesses. Their representatives would return from the presence of the King and assembled magnates, each to his own community, filled with a new sense of national unity and national needs. In that mood they would help to arrange the assessments locally, and facilitate payment. And they would explain the King's policy to their neighbours, who had no other means of information.

And he goes on:

Financial need was not the only reason why the King summoned the representatives of town and shire. . . . He had another end in view, to gather together the petitions and grievances of his subjects, so as to be able to govern in accordance with real local needs, and to keep a check on the misdeeds of local officials.

If for the King you substitute the word industry, for the word magnates capital, and for the words knights

and burgesses labour, you have such a constitution as is contemplated by many progressive industrialists to-day. Its objects were very much the same, to enable assessments to be carried out which could not well be made without the willing help of interests hitherto not consulted, to render possible the ventilation of grievances, and to facilitate the passing of unpopular but essential measures, such as increases of taxation, of which the industrial prototypes to-day are lower wages or longer hours. Such unpopular measures the King was only enabled to enforce by taking all classes of the community into his confidence, and by telling them not only the facts but the policy it was proposed to adopt, imbuing them with "a new sense of national unity and national needs." Had the coal-owners followed such a policy, the industry to-day would probably be in a very different and, at any rate, a far healthier condition.

What, after all, were the alternatives before King Edward the First? A continuance of that anarchy which had been draining the life-blood of the country during the last two reigns, and might easily end in the defeat and invasion of England by some foreign power; or a putting down of anarchy with a strong hand, with the prospect of its recurrence as soon as that hand was removed. What are the alternatives before us now? A continuance of the industrial anarchy which has cost the country so many millions in the last few years, and is handicapping us, perhaps fatally, in our trade competition with other nations; or the crushing of the trade union movement if that indeed is possible, with the prospect of its reviving, in far more bitter form, at the earliest opportunity?

Such a change in our industrial constitution as has been adumbrated would, so far from being revolutionary, be in accordance, not only with the letter, but the spirit of that ancient Parliamentary system, which has stood the storm and stress of nearly 700 years, and has been hailed by all the world as being the highest achievement of our national genius. It is not the burden of taxation, it is not the intensity of foreign competition, that is the greatest enemy of British industry to-day; it is distrust. Let employers instil confidence where there is now suspicion, knowledge where there is now ignorance—so alone will they destroy the canker which is poisoning our whole nation.

## A POEM

BY ELIZABETH BIBESCO

I WOULD, beloved, that I knew a way  
Misleading things to say.  
I'd mint my love into some golden guesses  
And weave a web of pregnant prettinesses.  
First I would lure you in, then catch you out,  
Resolved to teach you doubt.

Is there a way to learn to hide our love  
And thus ourselves disprove?  
Can this great certainty be self-denied  
And moulded to a plaything of our pride?  
And can we practise wanton abstinence  
Even in self-defence?

How could I dull my voice and dim my eye,  
Faced by your mockery?  
How could I tame the tune and lull the light  
And steal a fear, for you, from my own fright,  
When all the time you heard my beating heart  
Too proud to play a part.

I give you the great silences of love  
That no words can disprove—  
The limelit loveliness, the lyric lilt,  
The gold that's tarnished and the tune that's split  
They have been conquered under the duress  
Of love's last emptiness.



## THE SPAHLINGER TREATMENT

[BY A MEDICAL CORRESPONDENT]

BASED on the supposition that want of financial resources, and that alone, has prevented Mr. Henri Spahlinger from giving to the world an effective and permanent cure for tuberculosis, representations have been made from time to time during the last ten years that money should be forthcoming for his assistance. In Great Britain especially some highly-placed and responsible citizens have taken that view prominently; some non-medical newspapers have supported it and many have given publicity to what seemed fortunate issues. The Ministry of Health has been interrogated on the ground of alleged inactivity in the matter; and the opponents of scientific medicine have attributed to a narrow professional attitude among British doctors the fact that so far no money has been forthcoming. A number of medical men has been found to hold that the case for the treatment, which is based on a remedy that is as yet secret and admittedly incomplete, has been so far made out as to warrant the raising of private subscriptions or the allocation of public funds: but the majority of doctors are not convinced that there is any reason why the Spahlinger laboratories should be subsidized in this way until the technique of the treatment has been made known and until an independent research by representative experts has confirmed Mr. Spahlinger's theories and findings. Money necessary to complete the manufacture of the remedy would, it is felt, be more easily and rightly obtained, either by private subscription or public grant, if the work were submitted to the usual tests of independent scientific investigation. It is not denied that there was clinical information forthcoming favourable to Mr. Spahlinger's claims, and cases where successful results attributed to the treatment had been obtained were published in the *Lancet* on different occasions.

We have here an *impasse* whose embarrassments have led to futile argument and some recrimination extending over a long period, but a few days ago an article was published in the *Lancet* which, by its direct challenge to Mr. Spahlinger and his adherents, has revived discussion. Dr. Thomas Nelson, assistant physician to St. George's Hospital, published in the *Lancet* of January 1 a record of ten cases treated in 1913-1914 under the supervision of Mr. Spahlinger at the hospital, the cases having been selected by the late Dr. Arthur Latham as a test, with the consent of the patients. Dr. Latham was an authority on tuberculosis whose position could not be challenged; the treatment was carried out by one of his collaborators, with, Dr. Nelson says, "Mr. Spahlinger actually at his elbow"; the records as set forth are derived from the medical notes of the hospital; and these records are adverse to the treatment. For while the one case known to be alive is a case of lupus, seven of the cases are dead; two have not been traced; of all of them it is said that none showed marked improvement following the treatment. The one who lived longest, surviving until 1921, was the mildest case; the two who lived until 1917 received the usual orthodox treatment later; one patient died in 1916, one in 1915, and two in 1914.

No sweeping deduction can be made from so short a series of cases, but their message cannot be treated as insignificant because of the circumstances under which the clinical work was done, and because a sufficient time has been allowed to elapse before publishing the results. Dr. Nelson's communication was quoted in the lay Press, notably by the *Daily Express* and the *Manchester Guardian*, the latter paper having been steadily sympathetic to Mr. Spahlinger, and in those papers Mr. Spahlinger has stigmatized the record from the St. George's Hospital notes as inaccurate,

legal intervention has been mentioned, and correspondence has ensued and will probably continue. Yet, looking at the situation as a whole, the cases treated at St. George's Hospital form only an episode. Favourable results from the treatment have been published in the *Lancet* as well as in the general Press, and, though their provenance has not been so well in accord with scientific procedure, there is no doubt that they exhibited honestly held estimates. The sporadic detailing of successes and failures can be quarrelled over, but it is not going to settle the Spahlinger controversy, any more than it can be settled by assertions as to the inventor's genius or the grand resources of his laboratory.

The first step towards settlement will be the submission by Mr. Spahlinger of his work to independent examination. The Ministry of Health will support experiments with the preparations as soon as supplies are available and will arrange for scientific supervision. This has been publicly stated. The British Red Cross is known to have offered a large sum to assist in the production of the remedies, if reasonable terms are accepted. An investigation at one of the great research centres would satisfy all reasonable doubts, and, the need for money being justified, it would pour in. What will Mr. Spahlinger do?

## THE SENATORIAL ELECTION

[FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT]

Paris, January 11

THE French Senate consists of 314 members elected for six years. Every two years one third of this assembly is subject to re-election. The vote belongs, not to universal suffrage, but to delegates from the municipalities numbering from four or five hundred to about one thousand, according to the numerical importance of the *départements*. Paris is represented by eighteen Senators.

Of the 314 Senators making up the assembly in 1925 and 1926, 157, that is to say, exactly one half, belonged to the Left and ought to have been antagonistic to M. Poincaré. But the atmosphere of the French Senate, like that of the Upper Houses in most countries, is Conservative. A solid fraction of the Radical Senators would call themselves Patriotic Radicals and frequently dissented from their group. The fall of M. Herriot in 1925 was caused by a combine of the Patriotic Radicals with the Conservative groups. In the same way, M. Poincaré could not have thought of resuming office in face of an enormous opposition had it not been for them.

Does the present election modify this situation to any considerable extent? At the first blush it does not seem to be so. The Poincaré group, it is true, is losing ten men, and the presence among them of M. Millerand, of M. Billiet—a leader with a vast financial backing—of M. Dausset, once president of the Paris municipality, and of M. de Selves, president of the Senate itself, makes this loss spectacular. But three or four Moderates, the most conspicuous of whom is M. Raoul Péret, president of the Chamber, displace Radicals and almost make up for the loss. The real feature of the election lies in the fact that the ten new members reinforcing the Left are Socialists, elected with the assistance of the Communists. Every reader of *L'Humanité*, the Communist organ, must realize that its contempt for Parliamentary institutions is only equalled by that displayed in the Royalist *Action Française*. The day after the election, the Communist leader, M. Cachin, made merciless fun of people still believing in any Senates or Chambers of any hue. His editorial was concluded with a reference to the Socialist success and this contemptuous comment upon it: "Workmen still wish to give the Cartel a trial; let them, and go to it!"

But it is no less true that, for the first time, there has been a combine of the Communists with the Socialists whom they abominate, and even, in a few cases with *bourgeois* Radicals. It is also a fact that the tiny Socialist group of six in the Senate, unexpectedly inflated as it is, will now be able to adopt tactics of its own and these tactics will, of course, threaten M. Poincaré. Add that the agreement signed between the new Senators and the Extreme organizations to which the former owe their success, makes it imperative for them to support the campaign carried on in every Radical organ, even *Le Quotidien*, against the very existence of the Senate. The conclusion must be that the Senatorial opposition to the Premier will be of a more hostile character than it used to be.

What are the present chances of this opposition? In the first place, the rise of the franc, due to M. Poincaré, produces results unfavourable to the Governments. For the tax on the turn-over on which M. Poincaré mostly counted to balance the Budget, becomes less productive as the tightening of money reduces the volume of business. The Government will inevitably be placed between the necessity of increasing existing taxes and that of printing bills to which M. Poincaré will certainly not reconcile himself. In the second place, the division in the Cabinet concerning the developments of the Locarno agreements will be likely to grow sharper. A day or two ago General von Pawels arrived from Berlin to negotiate with the Ambassadors' Conference on the subject of the subterranean fortifications discovered, in Eastern Prussia, along the Polish frontier. It is on the cards that the German General will follow the strategy inaugurated by the Reich as soon as the Locarno pacts were ratified, and will suggest the anticipated evacuation of the Rhineland as a compensation for the destruction of the eighty-eight dug-outs. Evidently the Briand side will be strengthened by the arrival of the Socialist Senators.

The question of evacuation is hotly discussed, at present, in the columns of the *Echo de Paris*, and the debate must inevitably find its way into the Chambers. What will its outcome be? It is difficult to prophesy. A large section of opinion is still satisfied with the sentimental view of France and Germany making it up, like two women after a quarrel. But more and more newspaper readers realize that the practical issue is not between two abstractions poetically invested with feminine attributes, but between the two sides of German opinion—the Nationalist and the Republican. As long as the latter is not strong enough to guarantee the execution of the Treaty and the carrying out of the Dawes plan (see the SATURDAY REVIEW, January 1, page 3), men of M. Poincaré's type will be against evacuation. The question is: Who will support them? Certainly not the Socialist Senators, but it is striking to see that the whole Alsatian representation in the Senate, after Abbé Haegy's and his autonomist friends' crushing defeat in the election, will be against evacuation. These eight men will, of course, carry enormous weight in the debate.

¶ *Subscribers who contemplate temporary changes of address are asked to communicate with the Publisher, the SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.*

¶ *Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW are dispatched on Friday morning and should therefore reach London subscribers on Friday evening and country subscribers on Saturday morning. The Publisher will esteem it a favour if subscribers who do not receive their copies punctually will inform him of the fact.*

¶ *Mr. J. B. Priestley is unwell, and unable to contribute his usual Essay this week.*

## LEAVES IN VALLOMBROSA

BY GERALD GOULD

I LOVE a cliché, as I love an old house or an old friend.

I will not turn away those faithful phrases, now that they are worn and poor. They served mankind well when they were young and sprightly; they have grown bald and rheumatic for our sakes; let us not banish them in the days of their heaviness. Besides, there is a great deal of work to be got out of them yet.

The rejection of the cliché is due to a false pride in an impossible exactitude. Apostles of the just word talk as if things to be described were discrete and singular, exact and circumventible, capable of borders and divisions. And, for every thing, its phrase! But there are no phrases for mortal things, and what has to be described remains for ever indescribable. Art consists of illumination by side-lights.

Not that the great phrase is not final. But it is final because it tells us more, and less, than what it sets out to tell us; it puts on immortality with its own uniqueness, and becomes, not defines, an experience. There is no more justice in letters than there is in life; but there is adventure. And I will not go adventuring without my bodyguard of clichés. "How are you, dear comrade?" I cry to "foregone conclusion"—and "Whither away?" to "rash act." "Rumour hath it" goes without saying, and "brute force" begs description. There are a thousand Richmonds in the field with me, and not one of them on a dark horse.

O. Henry wrote the masterpiece and classic of the cliché. It is called 'Calloway's Code,' and in it he tells how a journalist got his wire about the Russo-Japanese War through the censorship by cabling the first halves of phrases which, for the trained and coded mind at the other end, carried themselves to fulfilment and significance. I should say, "to a successful issue." Or, perhaps, "to a triumphant close."

"Which would you say—" We can state without fear of successful contradiction, or, 'On the whole it can be safely asserted'?"—O. Henry's tale closes on that problem (a very real problem); and we are left aware that there is selection, which is art, among clichés. A hard business, this of writing! Why should we labour to make things harder for ourselves? Our pride is to blame; and I speak of living as well as of writing.

We suppose the act can be performed to perfection. We do not realize how far away perfection is, or how weak we are ourselves. The belief in the just word, the exact phrase, distracts us from the flux, the uncertainty, the power of the airy nothing, the dubiety of the local habitation. The descriptive phrase does not describe, because its subject has vanished into air ("into thin air") in the process; what has happened when art succeeds is what happens in love—a mingling of two realities, neither of which can stay for the mingling—a unity out of opposites; a rhyme dependent not on one sound nor on the other, but on the likeness of the two; a reciprocity; a subject-object (but which is which, since each is both?); in brief ("to cut a long story short") a miracle. And since we cannot hope to live always in that poignancy or at those heights, the clichés



will do very pleasantly to go on with.

"Every man over forty is a scoundrel," said Mr. Bernard Shaw. The platitude has the half-heartedness of a half-truth. Every man over forty is a scoundrel, and every man under forty is a scoundrel; and I do not find that we bother about it very much. The corruption and desperate wickedness of man's heart are facts; so are the rare virtues and the shining heroisms; but I do not find that we bother very much about these either. The bulk of life for the bulk of men is cliché: the old slippers, the old coat, the old home, "the common round" (if I may so express myself), "the simple task." A great deal of modern literature concerns itself with escape, with the downs and the wolds and the winds and the ships, the derry-down-derry and the hey-nonnino. And quite nice too. But there is no escape really, for more than a moment or two in a lifetime. Downs, wolds, winds, ships, become clichés as soon as you are accustomed to them. You cannot have your golden apples of the Hesperides and eat them too: they provide no nourishment save that of longing: they sustain by being unattained. On the palate, they would crumble into dust and ashes. (Or would you say "Dead Sea Fruit"?)

Of course, there is a time for everything. I mean to say, one man's meat is another man's poison. Tastes differ, and so do opportunities. What we really need, if I may use a phrase already coined, is a balance of interest—a good deal of the commonplace, mitigated by occasional excitements. *Dulce est desipere in loco*—(for your cliché knows no boundaries of language. It is a universal medium of exchange, coin that will pass anywhere). It is difficult to say common things properly. Nay, it is not difficult: it is impossible. And, if it were only difficult, would there be adequate reward? The greater part of every currency must be copper; of experience, routine; of phraseology, cliché. Why do we kick against the pricks?

The struggle for the perpetual unusual is the cause of bad art, the curse of good. The idea is meaningless anyway; for, when anything becomes perpetual, it ceases to be unusual. Exactitude being unattainable, there is small profit in straining after oddity. Let it be granted that the smooth-worn speech does not correspond to the fineness and niceties of mood and meaning, that the fancies break through language and escape, that we approximate merely, and roughly at that. Can we hope, in the hurry, to do better? If we are unwilling to be less than precise and startling when the occasion calls only for practical settlement, we are no nearer to attaining the unattainable. For ordinary use, ordinary usage suffices.

Come then, old comrades in carelessness, so worn to easy smoothness! Comfort me once more with your almost-imbecility! Let me be glad to mean no more than will serve! So shall life slip by in an unchallenging flood, and the great moments, when they arrive, shall not find me too curiously distracted. I love a cliché.

But only, mind you, in its proper place and time. I do not want clichés in poetry, or in the presence of emotion or of mountains. Let feet tread earth while they may, and wings attempt air when they must. "The rest" (as we say) "is silence."

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

### SAFETY FOOT-PATHS FOR COUNTRY ROADS

SIR,—In view of "safety first" on our country roads from village to village, town to town, it is considerate to inquire whether our high roads have sufficient properly constructed foot-paths for pedestrians. The unfortunate road accident near Nottingham is still fresh in our minds. As the accident in question occurred on the road, it may be questioned whether there was a properly constructed foot-path.

Some roads have very good foot-paths; others again, none whatever. On pathless roads the danger to life is great. For instance, three cars abreast on a road with no foot-path, and only a steep bank each side to climb, and a tree or hedge to hold on to, is an experience I have had myself. No time should be lost in seeing that every Urban Council attends to safety foot-paths, where there are none on main and some side roads, and high, wooden foot-path bridges might be erected at certain distances.

Our railways give good protection, and there is no reason why all who wish to walk the King's highway should not be protected in like manner.

I am, etc.,

A. W. R.

### THE DRINK PROBLEM

SIR,—The Licensing Sessions for 1927 will be sitting soon, and, following their procedure of the last twenty-two years, will reduce still further the number of public-houses.

As a temperance measure this is a futile policy easily proved by these figures from Licensing statistics, 1924:

	On-licences per 10,000 of the popula- tion.	Drunkenness convictions per 10,000 pop.
Plymouth ... ..	20.76	2.57
Middlesboro' ... ..	7.78	68.45

The practical way to promote real temperance has been advocated in your columns repeatedly; the reform of the public-house on the lines of the continental café. If the justices would use their ample powers in this direction, and accomplish the improvement of the public-houses we have they would go far in solving the drink question.

I am, etc.,

H. W. THOMAS

Westgate, Sudbury, Middlesex

### CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—Your correspondent J. M. L., in your issue of January 1, has committed himself to some very curious statements, and the inferences to be legitimately drawn from those statements are still more curious. He says: "Capital punishment is the only logical remedy for murderers." I wonder if he will explain what he means by "remedy"? He says: "It is a very great preventive for the crime of murder." This is bad psychology, and I shall be surprised if someone better informed than either of us does not come forward to show, by statistics, that it is bad history. Finally he says that he would inflict the death penalty "on all scoundrels for criminal outrages upon women and children," adding, quite irrelevantly: "All cowards fear death." It may be true that all cowards fear death. The same is true of all imaginative people, whether cowards or not. But it is not con-



spicuously true of "all scoundrels." May I add, merely to prevent misunderstanding, that I am not, as it happens, in favour of the total abolition of the death penalty. I am still less in favour of complacently pretending that the death penalty is anything better, at its best, than a disgusting necessity.

I am, etc.,

GERALD BULLETT

#### MUNICIPAL LETHAL CHAMBERS

SIR,—Mr. Priestley, your correspondent "Looking Forward," and the doctor whom he quotes are well behind the times. Maupassant, in 'L'Endormeuse,' a tale in the volume called 'Misti,' gives a detailed account of such an institution for peaceful suicide, known as the "Œuvre de la Mort Volontaire," where, as the secretary explains: "On tue proprement et doucement, je n'ose pas dire agréablement, les gens qui désirent mourir." The institution was founded with "une grande soirée d'inauguration avec Mmes Sarah Bernhardt, Judic, Théo, Granier, et vingt autres, MM. de Reszké, Coquelin, Mounet-Sully, Paulus, etc., puis des concerts, des comédies de Dumas, de Meilhac, d'Halévy, de Sardou." That outdoes the imagination of "Looking Forward."

I am, etc.,

"LOOKING BACK"

Doughty Street

#### THE POPULAR PRESS

SIR,—The popular Press as defined by Mr. Vittery France in the SATURDAY REVIEW of January 8 is to-day well over thirty years of age. If journalistic history once again repeats itself, we shall see a new and healthier phase of journalism before another ten years have passed. It may come earlier.

We are apt to forget there were great men before Agamemnon. And great men followed after him when the occasion was ripe.

The newspaper broker, very active at the moment, is a passing phase. That the public do not like him or his methods there is growing testimony. Mr. Vittery France's letter is in itself evidence. But these things will not be hurried. They work out their own cure.

I am, etc.,

"ONLOOKER"

Bream's Buildings,  
Chancery Lane, W.C.2

#### THE NURSING PROFESSION

SIR,—The real cause of the "slump" in the nursing profession is the treatment it meets with at the hands of students and doctors. The medical profession has no respect for women.

The large fortunes made by surgeons and others are not only the deserved payment of genius and work but the result of the highly skilled work of nurses, and do they make fortunes?

Let the male portion of the medical world treat the nursing portion with ordinary politeness from its beginning, then, and not till then, will it cease to be almost a by-word.

E. H.

#### OLD DOMESTIC GLASS

SIR,—Readers of the review of Mr. Wilfred Buckley's book (in the SATURDAY REVIEW for January 1) might suppose that all the recent books and pamphlets on glass written by a "Mr. Buckley," were by the same writer.

"As in all Mr. Buckley's writings, the spade-work is good," your reviewer says of the book discussed. This is misleading. Mr. Wilfred Buckley, the author of 'European Glass,' has written no other books.

The author of the "one or two monographs" mentioned lower down, and of 'Old English Glass,' is Mr. Francis Buckley, who is an authority on English glass, and has written nothing on foreign glass.

Although the work reviewed deals mostly with the latter subject, your reviewer devotes most of his article to discussing English glass, its literature, and the present exhibits of it at the Victoria and Albert Museum. May I point out, in this connexion, that the Rees Price Collection which he refers to as a bequest to that museum is the gift of Mr. Rees Price, who is still alive?

It is an agreeable fact that some collectors do not consider it necessary to die before they become benefactors of museums. I should also have thought that in discussing glass literature your reviewer, who rightly mentions Mr. Joseph Bles, as the lender of a valuable collection to the Victoria and Albert Museum, might have alluded also to his important and useful book, which was published quite recently, not to mention that of Mr. Francis.

May I say in conclusion that I cannot agree that the book adds little to our present knowledge? If only for Dr. Hudig's brief article, the fruit of so much original research, it seems to me of great interest not only to students of glass, but to students of design.

I am, etc.,

W. W. WINKWORTH

[We do not understand our correspondent's point of view. He finds fault with our contributor on irrelevant points of detail and seems to be under the illusion that an article on Old English Glass (it was not a review, as he imagines) is bound to mention every fact connected with the subject. The confusion of the two Buckley's names was an unfortunate—but to anyone who understands the subject an obvious—mistake.—Ed. S.R.]

#### ENGLAND'S DANGER

SIR,—To an observer at this distance (some 7,000 miles) it is certainly difficult to believe England need fear attack from her Christian or Gentile neighbours on the continent of Europe. The Locarno Pact in particular seems sufficient guarantee of a prolonged, perhaps permanent, desire on the part of the nations of Europe to cultivate a friendly atmosphere for themselves; excluding, of course, that ill-fated and misguided country, Russia.

That England, nevertheless, is seriously threatened at this moment with internal dangers far more subtle in operation, more destructive in ultimate results than open warfare, none but a thoughtless optimist or fanatical alien would deny. What a fabulous amount of money has not the general strike, the coal strike, and numerous other strikes since the Great War, already cost the country! What guarantee is there that this state of things will not continue till the industries of the country are ruined, and England reduced to a second-rate Power, not to speak of the fate of the British League of Nations, or the prospective reduction of Anglo-Saxons to helots! Is it not undeniable that while England is helping, at considerable risk to herself, the scattered members of the Jewish race safely to return to Palestine and again become a nation, the main body in Russia has not ceased intriguing behind the guns of the British Royal Navy to destroy the ancient home of the widely scattered members of the British race?

This body of Jews, it will be remembered, rose to political power on the ashes and dispersion of the cream of Russian gentile society. What else, therefore, can we think of their persistent activities abroad, especially among the more ignorant European workers, but a deliberate design to destroy the cream of the gentile population of Europe? Italy, it is gratifying to know, has already awoken to the menace and wisely closed her gates. The least we genuine Britishers in the Oversea Dominions can expect of the Old Country is to take wise precautions.

I am, etc.,

East London, S. Africa

A. O. HOLCROFT

## THE LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT

SIR,—In a recent letter to the Press, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle would like to take the liberty of the subject away by stopping by a heavy poll tax upon all those who go abroad, and to those who live in the Channel Islands, or abroad—"their names should be black-listed in the *Gazette*, and, if still recalcitrant, they should be deprived of all rights of citizenship." The people that go to foreign countries or live in the Channel Islands are just as honest and patriotic as those that stop in this country, and in a great many cases more so; there are some people that are never happy unless they are interfering with the work and pleasure of others, and who would put a stop to all branches of sport—I do not include the recent disgraceful brutality by the Bolsheviks of the Devonshire and Somersetshire stag hunt among the great and glorious name of sport. We do not want any of Signor Mussolini's methods in this country, who has just put a tax upon bachelors between the ages of twenty-five and sixty-five in Italy, and there are some people in this country that would like to do the same. Where is the logic in wanting to tax bachelors? A very great number of bachelors remain single for the simple reason that they have only sufficient means to keep themselves, therefore why make their lot harder by taxation? Considering the dreadful over-population of this country at the present time, a bachelor does far more good to his country than the married with families.

I am, etc.,

JAMES MONEY KYRLE LUPTON

Richmond, Surrey

## BALAAM'S ASS

SIR,—When the writer of 'Back Numbers' in your last issue suggests that future generations will regard the 'Jungle Stories' as Kipling's greatest achievement, he has probably behind him a large body of agreement.

R. K.'s sole rival as a fabulist (for, after all, these stories are in their essence only moral tales for young people) seems to be Pilpay or Bidpay, if we accept Æsop as merely the latter's Greek translator.

I have heard it asserted from a pulpit in an Eastern cathedral that Balaam was Pilpay; hence it was that Balaam's Ass opened his mouth and spake. Except the serpent in the garden, he is, I believe, the only animal in the Bible that talks man's talk.

I am, etc.,

C. L. C.

16 St. James's Square

## BLAKE'S GRAVE

SIR,—The Blake Society have obtained permission to place near Blake's grave in Bunhill Fields, London, a simple memorial to Blake and his wife, Catherine, with dates of birth and death. There will be an interesting function at Bunhill Fields on Centenary Day (August 12), and the Society will meet at Bognor on August 13. I shall be glad to hear from any of your readers who are interested in our project.

I am, etc.,

THOMAS WRIGHT  
(Secretary of the Blake Society)

Cowper School,  
Olney, near Bedford

## CAN THE POPE BE BOUGHT?

SIR,—One of your correspondents suggested that the Marlborough case was a repetition of the fact that the Pope could always be bought by the person who had the most money.

I should feel greatly obliged if any of your readers could tell me where, when, and in what circumstances a divorce has been purchased by a donation

to the Pope; or, even further, when the Roman Catholic Church has ever sanctioned a divorce. The thought runs through my mind that the Church of England was severed from Catholic unity through the Pope's refusal to permit Henry VIII to divorce Catherine of Aragon, and so marry Anne Boleyn.

I am, etc.,

HENRY G. NASH

## P's AND Q's

SIR,—I should be grateful if you could assist me to trace the source of the following quotation: "Whatever comes from the brain carries the hue of the place it comes from, and whatever comes from the heart carries the heat and colour of its birth-place."

C. CLAPHAM

## BEARDS

SIR,—The growth of the beard seems to date from very Early Victorian days. In his book, 'Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life,' the late George Jacob Holyoake states that in 1830 only two men in Birmingham wore beards—one a tobacconist who belonged to the sect founded by Joanna Southcote and the other a man named George Frederick Muntz, who afterwards became members for the town. Muntz, according to Mr. Holyoake, was the first civilian who wore a beard in the House of Commons. He "would have been insulted for wearing a beard, but he carried a thick Malacca cane, which it was known he would apply to the shoulders of any person who affronted him."

LEWIS SHELDON

## JAMES GIBBS'S CHURCHES

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Bertram Jones: James Gibbs (not Gibb), architect of the Radcliffe Library at Oxford, also designed St. Peter's Chapel, at the corner of Vere Street and Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square.

A. J. MAAS

## ABELARD AND HELOISE

SIR,—I hope this subject will not be left as it was by M. Storm Jameson in your issue of January 1.

The statement that no English translation from the Latin of these famous letters appeared before the masterly work of Mr. Scott Moncrieff in 1925 seems in the absence of any indictment of the Rev. Joseph Berington to be only a half-truth.

To his 'History of the Lives of Abeillard and Heloise,' 1787, Berington added what he described as a translation of five of the letters and gave the Latin text beneath them. Berington tells us he read Pope, then translated the letters, presumably from the Latin (a Latin text appeared in England in 1718), for his own pleasure.

The book of 1787 came later and went into a second edition in 1788. "I have," says Berington, "supplied a translation of [five of] the celebrated letters with the originals themselves, as given by Amboise and Gervaise." Gervaise is suspect; but Berington adds: "Many supposed translations in Europe bear no resemblance to the original." He suggests that Pope read one of these spurious effusions, and continues: "As for my own translation, it gives, I hope, the sense of the authors, and to that only I pretend. . . Some passages I have curtailed and omitted others; the Latin, which is entire, will suggest the motive, but wilfully I have not meant to bring a slovenly and unfinished work before the public."

A complete bibliography of the subject would be valuable and interesting.

I am, etc.,

W. FRANCIS AITKEN



## THE THEATRE VERY OLD YORK

BY IVOR BROWN

*Broadway.* By Phillip Dunning and George Abbott. The Strand Theatre.

**C**ONCERNING this drama of guns, girls, and wet goods, the programme is thus explanatory:

New York has been divided into areas under the control of separate gangs of boot-leggers and when these gangs trespass upon the territory of a rival gang, matters are settled by gang wars and feuds of amazing ferocity, as neither party can have recourse to the law. The position is further complicated by the existence of roving bands of desperate men, known as "hi-jackers," who steal illicit liquor from the boot-leggers themselves.

Now let us have a quotation from the estimable Mr. Green on the subject of England's first Edward:

The King at once copied the French monarchs by issuing writs of "quo warranto," which required every noble to produce his title to his estates. But the attack was roughly met. Earl Warrenne bared a rusty sword and flung it on the commissioners' table. "This, sirs," said he, "is my title deed. By the sword my fathers won their lands when they came over with the Conqueror and by my sword I will hold them." . . . There is in every military class a tendency to outrage and violence, which even the stern justice of Edward found it difficult to repress. Great Earls, such as those of Gloucester and Hereford, carried on private war along the Welsh marshes; in Shropshire the Earl of Arundel waged his feud with Fulk Fitz Warine. To the lesser nobles the wealth of the trader, the long wain of goods as it passed along the highway, was a tempting prey. . . . At the close of Edward's reign lawless bands of "trail-bastons" or clubmen, maintained themselves by general outrage, aided the country nobles in their feuds, and wrested money and goods by threats from the great tradesmen.

So much for Merry England, about which we continue to hear such good news from the intelligentsia of Sussex. I have never visited America and my ideas of New York must be suspicions only. 'Broadway' has confirmed, as far as a popular play can, my tentative belief that New York is really the last home of the Middle Ages. The "booze-peddlers," who stake out their territorial claims, are the first cousins of the medieval robber barons who knew no law but their own. In 'Broadway' Steve Crandall comes a-boot-legging in the "Scar" Edwards preserve. "Scar" issues a "quo warranto" in person and Steve, like Earl Warrenne before him, replies with a show of steel. Now whether a man says "This, sirs, is my title-deed," or "Quit, you sap, or I'll bump you up," is only a matter of idiom. Nor is it of any importance whether the "club-men" are the right old Edwardian "trail-bastons" or the right new American "hi-jackers." The club-men of our play are members of the Paradise Club, Broadway, but they would have fitted perfectly into the grand old Catholic Civilization about which our medievalists are so emphatic. For they are simply barbarians who steal when they can and kill when they must; in short, faithful sons of the Ancient Order of Warrenners. If one may argue at all from their attitude to the cabaret girls at the Paradise, such jolly antique notions as "jus primæ noctis" would have perfectly met their taste. Indeed, some part of this piece is devoted to Steve Crandall's claim for such rights upon the little dancer, Miss Billie Moore, who had miraculously preserved her innocence until the outbreak of the play and still marvellously maintained that jewel at its close.

So "lil' old New York" turns out to be very old indeed, as old at least as that medieval anarchy and squalor which our devotees call the age of Faith and Chivalry. For my own part I like living in a country where the king's writ runs or at least trickles along. That may be a wretchedly unromantic confession, but I must lay my timidity bare. I cannot cry "Hurrah" for a world in which the sensibly unquarrelsome

people find themselves kicked out of neutrality and turned into conscripts or casualties for the benefit of the Fulk Fitz Warines and the "Scar" Thompsons, on plunder bent. Fortunately for New York I suppose there are quite a number of places where one can sit quietly without danger of being involved in one of those "show-downs" whose inevitable termination is a "bump-up." None the less, with so many people ready to shoot at sight, it must frequently happen that the innocent alien who has wandered into the Paradise Club in search of nothing more awful than a little whisky, may find himself an unwilling passenger in one of those "bumping-up" races in which Steve and "Scar" fight for the headship of Booze River. Having enjoyed the felicity of not being born in the Middle Ages, I should be a fool indeed to fling my luck away by dallying on Broadway or seeking the last enchantments of Warrenism in the Paradise Club.

Into Broadway's fourteenth-century anarchy the Law wandered in the shape of Detective Dan McCorn, a man slow of speech and quick of eye. It was strange that nobody "plugged" him at sight or drowned him in a butt of "hooch" Marmsey. But the Law in New York seems to function in liquor-tight compartments. All around him the Eighteenth Amendment was being subjected to a machine-gun fire of popping corks and the name of poor Mr. Volstead was mud indeed. But that was apparently no business of his. He could have "run" the entire cast for infringement of the liquor law, but his unconcern for whisky was supreme. He was out for the murder-stuff and nothing less than the bumping of a bumper-up had the slightest attraction for him. Here again, in the theory of one "cop," one crime, there was something wonderfully innocent, as it were the confession of a world that has not really begun to think about law at all. As far as I could make out, Mr. Dan McCorn acknowledged the divine right of Steve and "Scar" to make territorial claims as barons of the booze-kingdom, and then to fleece all consumers thoroughly. What he had to do was to prevent these region kites from scratching each other to bits in the process. His job was not to protect the public but to protect the right of the robber and law-breaker to go on robbing and law-breaking without fraternal molestation, just as some of the English kings wished to bring the barons to heel for the better trampling of the commons. Another charming old-world touch.

Accordingly I can recommend 'Broadway' as a thoroughly comforting play for the modern Englishman. As we regard the strains and stresses of our own time we may be reduced to thinking of English life as very sad and mad and bad indeed. But comparisons are soothing. Our laws may sometimes be silly, but the Law itself is not an obscene farce as it is in America. We have a certain fixity and security. Neither Earl Warrenne nor Steve Crandall can go about London putting steel on the table in answer to the question, "Quo warranto?" It may be argued that to progress thus far is no great gain of distance. But it is something to have clambered out of the medieval blood-bath, in which a part of America, with its amazing statistics of murder, its liquor-gangs, and its tarring, featherings, burnings, floggings, and lynchings, still remains. The New Yorker can still be victimized and even "bumped up" in Wars of the Boozes just as the wretched medieval Englishman was pestered and pillaged in the idiotic Wars of the Roses. Let us, in our darkness, consider the greater gloom without and thank our stars that we have lost our Warrenne and not yet found our Volstead.

'Broadway' is very competently played by an American cast. The production has all the force and finish which New York brings to this kind of thing. Moreover, it has the assistance of a slang which is fresh, vigorous, and often richly metaphorical. Such



a phrase as "rancid with coin" is the perfect poetry for Mr. Crandall. The bustle and nervous tensivity of players going off and on in a cabaret show is well suggested, and the acting of Mr. Roy Lloyd as a simple, vain little comedian is exquisite. The rough stuff is well provided by Messrs. Crehan Power and Nedell, and the chorus ladies are all admirably different and vividly so. The plot of the play may show signs of fatigue, but the plot is a very unimportant partner in 'Broadway,' Inc.

## ART

### THE FLEMISH EXHIBITION

#### SECOND ARTICLE

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

A FLEMISH critic, M. Louis Hourticq, has said of his compatriots: "Si leur art est religieux, c'est comme doit l'être celui d'un bon ouvrier, par l'honnêteté, la conscience incroyable du travail." As I understand this art, it is never very far from pure materialism. A comparison of this 'Calvary' (2) with a picture by the Master of St. Giles (70) is profoundly illuminating. The surface simplicity and rhythmic perfection of the 'Calvary' let every ounce of the artist's feeling through: the intricate mass of brilliantly executed detail in the 'St. Giles' almost entirely obliterates any sort of feeling. The quality of the 'Calvary' is not really Flemish at all, but is rather that international quality of all Primitive European work which so baffles the attributors; it expresses the wave of religious feeling which is still fresh from the south and east. The true northern feeling asserts itself first with the Van Eycks. The 'St. Giles' is Flemishness in its extreme. The concentration on rendering exactly every sumptuous detail is the folly of good workmanship. Where Flemish art is great is where this craft-pride is rigidly subordinated to a broad total effect. An excellent example of this is Van der Weyden's exquisite 'Portrait of a Lady' (33). The technical accomplishment here is wonderful, but not such as to overlay the simple and pure beauty of the colour harmony and composition. The crimson girdle is placed with a perfection of taste, which suggests Velasquez. The wimple is a subtle, pearly tint which, with the dark dress and the delicate pink flesh, creates a subdued but infinitely tender and happy effect. In the large Van der Goes (55) a new depth is sounded—the trouble of Flanders. In the flutter of hands and staring fear of eyes, this picture is profoundly stirring. Yet the emotion is materialistic: it is the emotion of human tragedy; it verges on the melodrama.

We have found, therefore, two motives: the expression of sensuous beauty, of things for their own sake, and the expression of human trouble. These motives are carried further in the next gallery. In Patinir, landscape really comes into its own. 'St. Jerome' (107) is merely an excuse. In Bosch the trouble motive is carried to the extreme of grotesqueness. His hells are intensely material conceptions; he envisages eternal pain entirely in terms of earthly pain.

In Gallery IV we see the calamity which overtook Flemish painting when it neglected its own peculiar genius for Italian influence. Mabuse may have been an artist, but he is so busy with his native love of craft and his acquired Italianisms that he produces utterly heartless and uninspired pieces of work. Metsys is an exception; sometimes, not always, he allows Flemish humanity to shine through with that peculiar winning melancholy which had preoccupied

Memlinc and which I think is best seen in 'The Magdalen' (174). Yet, for all the dangers with which Flemish art is beset, one great master carries on its spirit. I mean, of course, Breugel the elder. With him, humanity—simple, rough, ever ugly humanity—is profoundly felt. He discards the elaborate detail love of his race because in a less self-satisfied, less happy age, he feels it to be out of place. The age of jewellery and brocades is past; his age is one of suffering and suppression, and what joy he shows is the inexpensive, riotous joy of the Flemish peasantry. With him Flemish art ceases to be polite and becomes universal. He is the greatest of all peasant painters. In 'The Bird Trap' (224) he renders the exact appearance of his beloved country as he sees it so often, under the snow. Delicate, intangible colours are woven together with a skill as consummate as that of the Primitives, but happily not given to stunting. 'The Adoration of the Magi' (233) is a human event painted with infinite love and respect. Breugel saw God in simple men. The sufferings of his country had stripped away from him the snobbishness and sensuousness which so often prevented the earlier masters from getting beyond materialism. The way was open for the one supreme master that Flanders was to produce.

In the magnificent person of Peter Paul Rubens all that was grand and true in Flemish art was to be at last summed up. Even its Italianisms were to be truly absorbed, and in the sublime works which resulted Flemish art was to claim one man, at least, of world-wide scope and significance. Rubens was the good workman; he was one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of craftsmen the world has produced. One tiny detail in his paintings, the horse in the top left-hand corner of the 'Design' (295), is sufficient evidence of his mastery. Or ponder over the certainty of line in such a drawing as the 'Hélène Fourment' (565), so tender, so delicate, so evanescent and yet so absolutely solid. Flesh and stuffs and trees he could render with a truth which, because of its ease, surpassed the meticulous work of the earlier masters; but never once did he allow this power to interfere with his total effect. He was a master of composition on the grand lines. The earlier masters were at their best in simple things, such as portraits. Rubens is at his best covering a vast canvas with a whole concourse of giants.

Look, for instance, at his portraits in Gallery III. Compare the living warmth and subtle completeness of their modelling with the shallow and showy puppets of Van Dyck. Or consider the 'Landscape, with Watering Place' (263), perhaps the greatest work in the exhibition. Observe how completely its rich and varied colouring is worked together into one clear rhythm; how its complex problems of composition are all solved with complete ease. The eye can follow from one sweeping, full-blooded movement into another, always certain of an inevitable relationship and complete satisfaction. The picture is a hymn of praise to the marching rhythm of nature, the succession of the seasons, the seed, the flower, and the fruit.

The only thing which I seriously regret in the whole exhibition is the absence of a full-dress Rubensian Rubens. No doubt difficulties of size were prohibitive. But how the 'Rape of the Daughters of Leucippus,' or the 'St. Ildefonso,' or the Antwerp 'Adoration' would have lorded it here in this great gathering of the Master's grand forerunners and patient followers!

In Van Dyck we find a high talent, the sure mark of a Fleming, a shadow of the grand manner of Rubens, the old Flemish obsession with appearance. But in him there are new, very un-Flemish and very unpleasant characteristics: an over-refinement that runs to effeminacy and a social snobbishness which would have shocked the honest bourgeois Van Eyck as much

as it would have outraged Breugel. Yet we must acknowledge his great decorative value and, on occasion, his considerable psychological insight. His portrait of Antoine Triest (163) is a remarkable work.

In Brouwer, the greatest of all low-life painters, and Teniers the younger, we can see Breugelism revived but with none of the God in it. Flemish art has returned to its high materialism, its passionate rendering of things seen. Brouwer's 'Landscape' (319) is a work of amazing power and breadth of treatment; it would be hard to find its superior outside the work of the very greatest masters. Stevens, in the nineteenth century, for all his borrowed methods, is truly Flemish in spirit, a painter of things seen with the eyes, and the group of his work here is, alone in its period, worthy of the splendid company of the centuries.

## MUSIC

### NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

A COMPLETE recording of Brahms's quintet in F minor for strings and pianoforte heads the list of the Gramophone Company's records this month. It is played by the Flonzaley Quartet with Harold Bauer, and it is difficult to imagine a more finished performance. Bauer shows himself to be as admirable in *ensemble* as he is in solo music. The string-playing is well-balanced and refined—sometimes a little too refined to give us the more rugged side of Brahms's nature. One feels this particularly towards the end of the first movement, which is one of the most wonderful pieces of workmanship in chamber-music. But the technical perfection of the writing is rather apt to show through, unless the playing has an almost rough vigour to give it some semblance of the spontaneity, which it really lacks. The slow movement, a lovely piece of music, almost rivals, as recording, the wonderful slow movement of Schubert's B flat Trio, which remains the Company's highest achievement in this kind of music.

Two records of parts of Mozart's Requiem Mass, sung by the Philharmonic Choir under Mr. C. Kennedy Scott, are sufficiently good to give the listener an idea of what the music is like. That is the most that can as yet be said for choral records. The movements recorded are the *Requiem æternam* and *Kyrie*, the *Dies Iræ*, and the end from the *Agnus Dei*. This gives us actually a repetition of the same music; for, as I pointed out in an article published in these columns last week, the *Lux æterna* and *Cum sanctis* were set to the music of the *Requiem* and *Kyrie* by Mozart's pupil, Süssmayer, who also completed the portions left unfinished. It is particularly interesting, however, to have the *Agnus*, which is generally supposed to be Süssmayer's work. After listening several times to this record, I am more than ever convinced that the pupil must have had some sketch at least from the matter, for the first subject of this beautiful movement. I hope that the Company will give us some of the magnificent central sections of the Mass, of which the *Dies Iræ* itself is only a foretaste.

The Columbia Company's most interesting contribution this month is a record of Ernest Bloch's 'Nigun,' an improvisation for violin and pianoforte. Bloch, who is a Swiss Jew, is one of the more promising figures in contemporary music. His nationality is important, because his music is quite consciously an expression of it and is usually based upon the idioms of old Jewish music. It has the showy emotionalism of his race, but combined with it is a strength and vitality rare in modern music, which tends towards cleverness rather than expressiveness. The present piece is rhapsodical and quite straightforward. It is

played with fine conviction by Joseph Sziget, who has developed into one of the first violinists of the day, from the serious musical point of view as well as on the technical side. The recording is as good as any I have heard of the violin and the pianoforte comes out better than usual.

Among the orchestral records mention must be made of the Hungarian March and Danse des Sylphes, from Berlioz's 'Faust,' conducted by Mengelberg, a new recording of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony by the Queen's Hall Orchestra, under Sir Henry Wood (Columbia) and the 'Peer Gynt' Suite played by the Covent Garden Orchestra under Eugene Goossens (H.M.V.). The Symphony is one of those works, of which Sir Henry Wood can always be relied upon to give a good account. There is nothing to criticize in these records, except the metallic tone of the strings, which is the price we so often pay in the new recording for the increased clarity of the various instrumental *timbres*, and some blemishes in the actual playing of the wood-wind. Mengelberg's records are good.

There are, in addition to the records mentioned above, numerous popular pieces for the enthusiast to choose from.

H.

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS—46

SET BY A. P. HERBERT

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for two verses and the chorus of a Song with the refrain: "I've not been the same girl again."

B. You are William Shakespeare. During a rehearsal of 'Romeo and Juliet' the producer decides that the Balcony Scene requires a more modern note and should be transferred to a night-club. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for twenty lines for Romeo, addressed to a waiter, ordering two dry Martinis.

### RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week's LITERARY 46a, or LITERARY 46b).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, January 24, 1927. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 44

SET BY L. P. HARTLEY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an imaginary letter from Lord Beaconsfield to Queen Victoria, commenting upon Mr. Lytton Strachey's 'Life,' which she has sent him to read. The letter should not exceed 300 words in length.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best rhymed



epitaph on the year 1926. It should not exceed 8 lines in length.

#### REPORT FROM MR. L. P. HARTLEY

44A. The entries for this competition were few but good. There is little to choose between Lester Ralph's letter and Non Omnia's. Both have caught Lord Beaconsfield's manner; both have embellished their letters with agreeable flights of fancy. "The most rustic hind in all Your Majesty's Realm can venerate the sanctity of woman" is happily matched by Non Omnia's "But these disgusting insinuations are as far removed from true invective as is the poisoned chalice from the rapier of the duellist." Reverence and affection are writ large over both letters. But surely Non Omnia nods when he makes Lord Beaconsfield allow Mr. Strachey "a certain wit," nor do we consider tactful the reference to the lifting of the veil. We therefore award the First Prize to Lester Ralph, the Second to Non Omnia. Honourable Mention goes to Charles G. Box. His arguments are excellent: "Her Majesty's historical studies show her that the British Constitution, as compared with the power of the Throne, is but a fluctuating entity, and that the recognition of the intelligible principle of monarchy is at least as reasonable as a staunch adherence to nothing in particular." Admirable reasoning; but not so well calculated to relieve the ruffled feelings of the Queen as the indignation and horror manifested in the letters of Lester Ralph and Non Omnia. Perhaps we should state that for the purposes of this competition we have presumed that Lord Beaconsfield on occasion departed from his practice of addressing Her Majesty in the third person.

#### THE WINNING ENTRY

With this book, and my grateful acknowledgments, I beg Your Majesty to accept my expressions of utter abhorrence from the Whiggish principles thus posterously adumbrated.

On the man's allusions to myself, and to my poor attempts in Your service, I scorn to dwell. The Orient has recognized the Empress of India as its Suzerain. Let that suffice. Much may be forgiven to Youth—even its ridiculous pretensions towards omniscience.

But this young man approaches a subject more reverend when he presumes to deal with Affairs of State handled with such princely tact by Your Majesty's august Consort, while his Imperial guidance was yet spared the helmsmen of the State. This scribbler is one of those who desire that the Sovereign of England should be degraded into the position of a Venetian Doge. So long as I am vouchsafed any share in Your Majesty's confidence, such aims shall be ever thwarted; and when I am no more, there will remain my staunch Conservatives ready to deal swiftly and surely with any such reactionary tendencies.

Passages, moreover, remain upon whose more explicit consideration I would never venture. They savour of sacrilege. The common courtesy of the mob knows how to leave inviolate those bulwarks of decorum which hedge about the person of a Queen: the most rustic hind in all Your Majesty's Realm can venerate the sanctity of Woman: it has been left for this Mr. Strachey to ignore these universally acknowledged restrictions, to allow his puerile fancy to toy with that which he should revere, to make light of Prerogatives which, as subject, he should lay down his life to defend, and to blaspheme where he who enters should do so with feet unshod, bare-headed and abashed.

The heart that can beat only in affectionate allegiance forbids that I write more.

LESTER RALPH

#### SECOND PRIZE

Lord Beaconsfield has received Your Majesty's gracious letter, requesting him to read the accompanying book, and has hastened to obey Your Majesty's commands. Your Majesty has naturally refrained from comment upon this immoral production, which not only takes in vain the name of the Monarch, but casts malicious aspersions upon the purposes and abilities of the noblest of men, and sneers vilely at the most touching and dignified exemplar of Royal devotion in Love that the world has ever seen. Your Majesty knows that in this matter Lord Beaconsfield is on the side of the Angel, and that nothing is treasured in the shrine of his memory with more reverence than that most sacred of Romances. May Your Majesty's humble servant venture to declare that in this most intimate region of experience, the Queen of Faery's glorious devotion has been an inspiration to him personally?

Lord Beaconsfield proposes to follow Your Majesty's example and to ignore the impertinences of this volume, so obviously the cynical exuberance of an immature and instinctively destructive mind. In his own youth Lord Beaconsfield was no stranger to invective, but these disgusting insinuations are as far removed from true invective as is the poisoned chalice from the rapier of the duellist. Your Majesty need admit no alarm at the popularity of the book. The writer has a certain wit and a complete lack of principle, which are passports to evanescent success in a superficially vulgar world. The veil which this audacious youth has so irreverently lifted will be swiftly dropped when his specious mendacities have been penetrated by the moral insight of Your Majesty's loyal subjects, and a real historian shall arise to display the life of Victoria the Good in all its beauty and devotion, and her reign in all its glory.

NON OMNIA

44B. Most of the competitors disliked the year 1926 and were prepared to give it a bad name; but in nearly every case their rage outran their discretion. The hatred of Mr. Cook steeled their hearts but could not guide their pens. The entries on the whole were disappointing and there was a dearth even of good single lines. The verses of Muriel M. Malvern (aged 16) were better than many which bore no open admission of immaturity. Of those who tried seriously to sum up the events of the year, Terra was perhaps the best. James Hall, D. K. Elles and H. C. M. sent in verses which, though they reached a certain standard, were wanting in brevity and fire. W. S. Wigham's epitaph has both; unfortunately its meaning is obscure:

A prayer—"Now Peace come soon!"  
Rose unctuous from his grave:  
No other omen, save  
Blood on the moon.

G. Baker's cross-word epitaph would have puzzled posterity, but some of the entries, we fear, would have made it yawn. Perhaps 1926 was a boring year. Gordon Daviot, however, found it memorable and since he approaches it from a new angle the first prize goes to him. The second prize in this competition is not awarded.

#### THE WINNING EPITAPH

King of Clubs and Myra Gray,  
Insight Second, Invershin—  
Not undistinguished, surely, may  
A year be deemed which holds within  
Its little space such names enshrined;  
(O Seers! O Prophets most sublime!)  
Which on departing leaves behind  
Such hoofprints on the sands of time!

GORDON DAVIOT



## BACK NUMBERS—VI

NOTHING is harder than to write a precise estimate of a great man on the morrow of his death. I say it as one who, in a small way, has had experience in the rapid production of necrologies, and who has invariably felt humiliated by the result. Supposing the man to have mattered to one, the appreciation of his career is almost inevitably coloured too deeply by the feeling that never more will there be new work from his hand. To combine piety and cool judgment, to discount the legend which will have grown up around a famous figure and yet to keep in mind the truth that the legend will have a certain justification in the personality of the writer, to see the whole of the man's achievement in perspective, that is indeed a task.

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Seldom has it been more efficiently performed than by the Saturday Reviewer who, in the first days of 1863, recorded with candour and tenderness what were clearly, despite the maintenance of an air of impersonality, intimate impressions of Thackeray. Has anyone working on a larger scale and with ample time for reflection given a juster idea of the man? With great shrewdness the writer of the article put his finger on Thackeray's chief and most amiable weakness. "Exaggerating to himself his own conscious failings, holding that intellectual gifts afforded no security for moral excellence, he scarcely knew how large a possibility of error is abolished by the elimination of stupidity."

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His most amiable weakness, I have called it, but how damaging to him as an artist! To doubt, constantly and extremely, the value of intellect, to suggest that, especially in women, stupidity is the accompaniment of goodness, that muddlement is a kind of morality—what a habit of mind for a social observer and satirist! His own intellectual limitations were curious. He had no interest in abstract questions, and not much in the great practical controversies of his time. He was extraordinarily unsafe in historical matters, in consequence of his inability to admit that great national interests could ever have been served by imperfect men. His literary judgments, often happy, were sometimes gravely affected, as in the instances of Sterne and Swift, by ethical or sentimental prejudices.

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What made him a satirist was the reaction of his judgment against his impulses. Copious, entertaining, and sometimes exquisite, his satire is not fundamental. A great deal of it is directed against pettinesses which scarcely deserve so sustained an attention, and even at its best it is seldom more than social. But Thackeray, with all his limitations, is a great writer because he made the most of himself, because he accepted his sentimentality and his recoil from it, his tolerance and his simple indignation at certain kinds of evil, and in expressing every part of himself used his medium with just the blend of craftsmanship and negligence which such a nature required. His defects matter very little while one is reading him. You cannot take him sternly to task when he is taking himself with so pleasant a half-seriousness.

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I do not much trust myself to judge novels, for the novelist has so many not strictly æsthetic appeals,

but if cornered and forced to say where I ranked Thackeray, I should answer that I put him very high among writers but not so high among novelists. To be plain, his novels seem to me, when placed in contrast with those of the great French masters, those of a man of great charm and great shrewdness who has seen a great deal of life but who is intellectually not mature. At one moment his limitations are those of the clubman, at another those of the schoolboy. Certain things he sees in relation to upper-middle class British Victorian ideals, with a shrewd, amused tolerance, delightfully conveyed; over others he grows angry with the ingenuous chivalry of fifteen. But the dearest and most accomplished old boy at the club is not the equal of Balzac, of Stendhal, of men who have apprehended the real nature of human life.

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Take him as a writer, however, let him write about pleasant and half-sad things, let him gossip of food and wine, let him sigh from the comfortable club-chair over the vanity of things and he is almost beyond praise. I qualify this only to salute that minor masterpiece, 'Barry Lyndon.' For the rest I find him a secondary novelist. A world in which people obey or disobey conscience with the simplicity of good or naughty schoolboys responding to a teacher or defying him is not the world of the greatest masters, and judgments from a club-chair are not the final pronouncements of equity. For myself, I prefer that novels be not written in the temper of the essayist, but I hasten to add that Thackeray was a prince of essayists, and that he wrote an essayist's novels better than anyone else has ever done.

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And what shall one say in gratitude for the miscellaneous work, prose and verse? Without being exactly a poet, he was repeatedly successful where few poets have succeeded, in conveying that mood of smiles and sighs with which middle age, after an excellent dinner, recalls the gallant follies and not too reputable associates of twenty years ago. He was, within his scope, a very good translator, an admirable parodist, and he preached good-tempered lay-sermons as no one else did. Byron's 'Don Juan' is the one important English poem which no one in the typical club would be ashamed of having written, and Thackeray's novels are pre-eminently those which everyone in the typical club of his day would have been proud to acknowledge.

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The SATURDAY was not always so kind to Thackeray as in the article I have cited. I have some recollections of another article in which he was criticized sharply for his treatment of the four Georges, chiefly because at the time George IV was too recently passed away, in the critic's opinion, for attacks on him not to affect the dignity of Queen Victoria. That Thackeray had taken his famous journalist from a Saturday Reviewer, Venables, was a compliment, but Beresford Hope, our founder, always rather disliked him, and developed a great grievance when one or two of the original contributors were attracted away to Thackeray's magazine, and probably only the extreme independence of the Reviewers, who did not hesitate to criticize Hope in his own paper, prevented reprisals at his instance.

STET.

## REVIEWS

## SWIFT AND THE CHILDREN

BY EDWARD SHANKS

*Gulliver's Travels.* By Jonathan Swift, D.D.  
 Edited by Harold Williams. First Edition  
 Club. 42s.

MR. HAROLD WILLIAMS remarks and with truth that Swift regarded 'Gulliver's Travels' as being, with the possible exception of the 'History of the Last Four Years of the Queen,' more like "the work of an author by calling than any other of his writings." Mrs. Whiteway, writing to Pope, classes these two together as being the only works "which he ever proposed making money by." And, up to a point, his expectations were realized. He seems to have made some £300 out of 'Gulliver,' which probably explains why he was not as a rule an "author by calling." It was, even when translated into modern values, a poor reward for a book which held the attention of the town for over a year, until Gay attracted it to himself by 'The Beggar's Opera.' Later, when we find Faulkner, the Irish printer, projecting an edition of Swift's works and assuring the author that he would be glad of his permission but that it was not necessary and he would go on without it, we can readily understand why Swift found it better to be an intriguing cleric with a sharp pen to aid him in his intrigues than a professional author.

But if for once in a way he wrote a book, as Mr. Williams puts it, "with an eye to his publisher and the proceeds of sale," there is also in this same book something that differentiates it as much from his others. The comment has often been that such an extraordinary fate never fell on so great and so bitter a satirist, that his greatest work should become universally a tale for children who cannot understand the author's intent. But the question inevitably rises whether the author fully understood his intent himself. What, after all, does the satirical intent of 'Gulliver' amount to? Is the adult reader more conscious of it, in any real sense, than the child? Does not the adult read the book in precisely the same spirit as the child, as a collection of grotesque and entertaining adventures? And if, as I think, with certain qualifications, we must, we answer yes to that last question, we may very well ask ourselves further whether this is not what it was essentially to its author. A man setting out to write a tragedy does not write a delicious comedy by accident; the merits of unconscious humour in literature are as a rule much overrated.

With certain qualifications, of course. There are some passages in 'Gulliver' which are more than entertaining adventures and are more deeply appreciated by adults than by children; the account of the Struldbrugs, for example. But the staple of the satire throughout is of a sort which was almost common form in the eighteenth century.

What distinguishes Swift from the rest is not that his satire is more wounding but that the vehicle he has invented for it is more amusing. This is perhaps not true of the last section of 'Gulliver.' The arguments of the Houyhnhnms are no more invulnerable by analysis than those of the King of Brobdingnag, but the description of the Yahoos and more especially of Gulliver's feelings towards his own fellows after his return home breathes a murderous and insane hatred towards the human race that by its intensity almost convinces the reader and makes him decidedly uncomfortable. But it escapes the child because the idea of horses that talk and live in houses is so exceedingly amusing.

If the bitter Swift, already losing self-control and

heading towards madness, shows himself here, surely in the rest of the book we have the playfully inventive author of the 'Little Language.' There may be a tincture of satire (in his notes Mr. Williams takes some pains to identify Bolgolam and the rest of them) but the true and effective intent is to relate marvellous adventures. The account of the Struldbrugs seems to me an authentic anticipation of the manner of Mr. H. G. Wells in his early scientific romances. Gulliver falls into rhapsodies on the happiness which they must enjoy from their immortality, but "the same Gentleman who had been my Interpreter said he was desired by the rest to set me right in a few Mistakes, which I had fallen into through the common Imbecility of human Nature." Their immortality, it is explained to him, has nothing that is godlike about it but is merely an unending senility. Thus precisely does Mr. Wells make his best stories ('The Invisible Man' is an example) by inventing one marvel and then showing, with strict attention to probability, what would happen to it in the real world. And in his pleasure at this effective trick of story-telling the reader does not, I think, mainly apprehend the picture of the Struldbrugs as a bitter comment on the vanity of the human wishes.

So is it also in Lilliput and in Brobdingnag. Every detail in those contrasted realms is imagined with that toy-making gusto which, strong in the child, does not ever die in the normal man. Even Gulliver's daily ration of oxen and sheep and hogsheads of wine conjures up the picture of a world of living toys. So even more does his diversion of the Emperor and his Court when he makes a troop of horse exercise on his handkerchief raised as a platform from the ground. So too do the devices by means of which Gulliver provides himself in Brobdingnag with amenities suited to his size.

It is the vividness with which all these things are described that, along with their marvellous character, makes the unending attraction of the book for both young and old. Swift had the talent, first necessity for a writer of fantastic fiction, of persuading the reader to surrender his own standard of possibility and for a time to accept another. It is not surprising to learn of the ship's master who said he knew Gulliver very well and had nothing in the book to correct except that Gulliver lived at Rotherhithe, not at Wapping. Equally understandable is the old gentleman who ran to his atlas to look for Lilliput. Thus did the simple point out Dante as the man who had been to Hell.

What is a mistake to suppose is that the man who achieved this had something quite other in mind. The irony involved in such a supposition would be attractive enough—if, perhaps, it were not a trifle too obvious. We are to fancy the bitter, disappointed Dean, possibly already with the premonition of intellectual decay upon him, sitting down towards the end of his career to put on paper once and for all his detestation of humanity and, from this picture, we are to look on and see this very book the delight of a million nurseries. It is much as though the choruses of Æschylus should have found their chief service in Christmas pantomimes or the Book of Job should have had young lovers for its most sympathetic readers. These things do not really happen and if 'Gulliver's Travels' successfully appeals to the general human love of marvels it is because it expresses that love in its author.

The present edition is a most valuable one. It repeats the text of the first edition, which has never before been reproduced, and it contains much critical apparatus, including appendices showing Ford's corrections (probably Swift's), and also a perspicuous introduction and notes by Mr. Harold Williams. The notes are rather desultory, but sometimes amusing. For general use the volume is a little heavy in the hand, but paper, type and binding are beyond praise.



## CHURCH AND CAPITAL

*Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*—Holland Memorial Lectures. By R. H. Tawney, with Preface by Dr. Charles Gore. Murray. 10s. 6d.

THERE could be no more fitting monument to the late Henry Scott Holland than the Lecture founded in his memory, on the bearing of Christianity on the social problem—the ruling passion of his life. Mr. Tawney was chosen as the first lecturer, and this brilliant book is an expansion of the lectures he gave in King's College in 1922. It is a study of quite first-rate importance. He traces, *sine via et studio* (a thing most rare in historians of the period), the most momentous change in the modern world—from the thought of man as a spiritual being compelled, in order to survive in the world, to pay reasonable regard to material welfare, to that of man as “an economic animal who will be prudent, nevertheless, if he takes due precautions to assume his spiritual well-being” (p. 279).

The emancipation of economics from the control of religion and Christian ethics, the claim to moral autonomy in its own sphere (as in the modern phrase “Business is business”) occurred between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. It was thus coincident with the Reformation. There are some who trace the achievements of the modern world to the success of the spirit of Protestantism in breaking away from outworn formulæ and obscurantist restrictions on enterprise. There are others who play with the myth of Merrie England and trace all our present discontent to the individualism of the Reformers breaking up the medieval solidarity. Mr. Tawney is not an advocate for either case; and probably few students of the period can read this book, with its wealth of documentation and its mingled *élan* and sobriety, without revising some of their preconceptions.

He starts with a sketch of the medieval background, which gives both devil and angels their due. Feudalism—however we sentimentalize it—“rested on exploitation pure and simple,” and the monks were among the most wholehearted capitalists. (Dr. Coulton's book on the Medieval Village adds weighty evidence to this case.) The Church, because it was also a civilization, accepted the whole structure of society and did not conceive itself called upon to change it. Yet the thought of the “functional organization of society,” however much it “kept men in their place,” did at least import a motive of service into the whole complex of human relationships. And the strength of the Church was that it did see life, not in terms of supply and demand and so forth, but as essentially a human organism, one (that is) of spiritual beings with its centre and goal not here but in Eternity. Hence all economic and legal relationships were subordinate to that supreme concern. This was the heart of the medieval teaching on property, wealth and the taking of “usury”—that debatable term on which the author gives us a full and most enlightening discussion. Whatever the rift between actual and ideal in the medieval Church and society, at least men called avarice by its right name, “and had not yet learned to persuade themselves that greed was enterprise and avarice economy” (p. 60).

But the Canon Law presupposed a society of simple, personal relationships, and meanwhile the world was moving rapidly towards our modern system of finance—banking, credits, exchanges, dividends. And the tragedy of the Reformation period was not that the Church surrendered the claim of religion to control men's economic activities, but that it failed to keep pace with its world: it “ceased to count because it ceased to think.” It

is quite a mistake to suppose that the Reformers endorsed a pure economic individualism. Enough to mention Latimer's sermons. But Luther himself, who “looked at finance through the eyes of a peasant” was ultra-medieval in his attitude, with his futile fulminations against the Fuggers. Calvin, whose institutes were a Protestant *Summa*, sought to organize—and succeeded in Geneva—a thoroughgoing Collectivist state controlled at each turn by an omniscient Church.

Yet Calvinism was largely an urban movement and mainly took root among the middle-classes; and it was among “those of the middle sort” that Puritans—and Roundheads—were chiefly found. Hence Puritanism lent its terrific force to a class that was growing in influence every day, conscious of having its own contribution to make, its own specific virtues and moral standards. Its tremendous emphasis on character and the individualism therefore inherent in it (despite the experiment of the Godly Discipline) invested with a sort of religious sanction the conquest of a challenging environment by thrift, discipline and work, and set a halo on honestly-gotten wealth. “The Lord was with Joseph”—Mr. Tawney quotes from Tyndale's version of Gen. xxxix. 2—“and he was a luckie fellowe.” Hence followed “the triumph of the economic virtues”; and the Lutheran doctrine of *Beruf* was interpreted to mean “Get rich quickly.” Thus the “career open to character”—which was, in a sense, the watchword of middle-class Puritanism—led on to *laissez-faire* and Manchesterism and the other—worldliness of the Methodists. Religion, from 1750 to 1850, was content to say *Beati Possidentes*. To call it back to social regeneration was the task of Maurice and Westcott, Gore and Holland.

The criticism which dismisses the concern of churches with economic relations and social organization as a modern innovation finds little support in past history. What requires explanation is not the view that these matters are part of the province of religion, but the view that they are not [p. 278].

No short review can do justice to this book. It is, as Dr. Gore says in the preface, “a just and well-grounded judgment”—indeed, it is one of the best books in English on the Reformation period known to us. It is brilliantly written and packed with memorable phrases. (“The last of the schoolmen was Karl Marx.”) Holland himself would have delighted in it; and it really deserves a review from his own pen.

## LYRA JOCOSA

*Reliquiæ: A. D. Godley*. Edited by C. R. L. Fletcher. 2 Vols. Oxford University Press. 18s.

THE verse of Alfred Denis Godley with all its natural ease and grace reduced the preference oddly given by the Muses to “the other place”; in fact, the Oxford poet, he was truest heir to C. S. C. At Harrow both were made betimes scholars in classic lore, and both did things with rhymes that few had done before.

Godley, whether he was simple or highly ingenious, never produced those “difficult trifles” which Martial condemned. Indeed, his verse runs into sentences which might almost be ordinary talk, except that they flash with sudden wit. That was one of Godley's gifts, and in his steadily maintained flow there was nothing muddy, as Horace complained of Lucilius. The points were well and clearly made. The poet had the facility that must, it seems to us, belong to all writers worthy of the name. He could pack a good deal into a line and bring off an allusion as slyly as if he was saying nothing in particular. He could never lack subjects, for he was, like the

great comic poet of Athens, a conservative, eager for the retention of Greek and always ready to chaff the not very cultured man of science:

The Emperors old of Rome and Greece  
Existed for a day, and then  
Inevitably had to cease—  
Because they had not Science men.

The master mind need not be educated, for:

Untaught to write, unskilled to read,  
He sees by sight and feels by touch  
Those Natural Laws which Science' creed  
From time to time regards as such.

Godley went to Balliol as a scholar, but as sufficient learning came easy to him, he was never concerned to become erudite, and he did not win the favour of Jowett. He lacked the ambition which emerges in the composition of profound or startling books. He became instead the well-loved poet of the *Oxford Magazine*, a shy tutor but the effective critic in verse of the life of the University, and the Latin orator who introduced the recipients of honorary degrees. Had he found more time or energy, he might have made a name as a translator of the classics. His prose version of the Odes of Horace is not so well known as it should be, and his Loeb Herodotus was, alas! not finished. The pious care which has now gathered and printed what is left of his writings introduces us to abundant prose as well as verse. Some of it is but scraps, it must be admitted, occasional writing of no great moment. The Alpine papers and appreciations recapture the pleasure Godley found in walking. We should have been glad to see again his discourse on 'Classical Studies in England' contributed to the 'Vanuxem Lectures,' published at Princeton, and we recall with pleasure his SATURDAY papers reprinted here. They touched themes of the day with all the humour and keenness of the Platonic dialogue. More serious were his labours on the *Classical Review*, but they imported a humour into that solemn repository of learning which was shocking. He even invented a German pedant as the author of a tremendously solid and vapid definition.

The verses, however, are the main attraction of the volumes. What a contributor he was for any journal, and particularly for one that ran a danger of being too academic and too cautious about offending the small and highly sensitive circle of Oxford. Godley was always on hand, playing round personalities and projects with the light pen that never wounded, with hints of gravity-removing incidents everybody knew, with appeals that lost nothing by their picturesque exaggeration. Mr. Fletcher thinks it wrong to say that any loss is irreparable. But Oxford is not the same without Godley. *Quando ullum inveniet parem?* It needs help to laugh at itself. It made him a Doctor of Letters, because, as he suggested, it was better for him to introduce pundits in a red gown. But he was a teacher of the divine gift of humour, of a true sense of values, which is much rarer than erudition. Will there be a man to protest, as he did, against a great crime common to-day?

Bursar! if you need the dollars,  
Pinch your Tutors, starve your Scholars,  
Cut down all expense you please—  
Only don't cut down the trees!

Or to comment adequately on the recognition of merit:

When we're told in *The Times* of our errors and crimes  
('tis a topic that's sure to attract),  
And the Public imbibes from anonymous scribes their  
peculiar perversions of fact,  
When the Tutor, 'tis shown, is a dullard and drone and a  
drag on our mental advance,  
And the Bursar's a shark (though you'll please to remark  
that he's also a Child in Finance).

Or, finally, to present the joys of twentieth-century economics—doing nothing at the public expense:

Mine be a State-provided cot  
Where, freed from toilsome Duty,  
I'll read in some secluded spot  
Tully *De Senectute*,—  
And wonder why there's one alone  
He's quite forgot to mention  
Mid Age its solaces—a Non-  
Contributory Pension!

## IMPERIAL DEFENCE

*Imperial Defence: A Book for Taxpayers.* By Stephen King-Hall. Fisher Unwin and Benn. 9s.

**E**VEN the first principles of Imperial Defence are hardly grasped by the average Englishman, who still clings to vague memories of obsolete ideas dating from somewhere about the "wooden walls" era. He is not entirely to blame, since new factors force their way in faster than strategy itself can cope with them, and though this is hardly the time to complain of lack of experience some of the chief ingredients of future warfare remain to be tried out sufficiently for their effects to be known. He ought, then, to be the more grateful to Mr. King-Hall for stating the salient points so clearly in this businesslike and readable book. Writing from the standpoint of a realist he is not inclined to hold out hopes of spectacular improvements resulting from the drastic changes recently proposed, nor of any great cut in the cost of defence without at least a corresponding sacrifice of security. Yet his book is neither dull nor wholly negative; he outlines the situation and what is being done to meet it with a fresh and critical pen.

His main plea is for a more complete skeleton organization to effect that harnessing of every possible ounce of national energy to the prosecution of war which is now the essential problem in serious conflicts. His argument might well have been illustrated from the general strike, where a minimum of material preparation and a maximum of forethought enabled a very similar change-over to be effected with wonderful speed and smoothness. Naturally in a real fighting machine a considerable nucleus must always be kept, and at least with the army it has long been our policy to keep no more. As Mr. King-Hall vividly expresses it, supposing the dream of a federation of the world ever comes true, "if it is able to exist with an internal security force whose numbers amount to about one-twentieth per cent. of the total number of its citizens, it will be able to congratulate itself on the economy of its arrangements"—a potent against propaganda representing the Empire as holding down other races by brute force and nothing else. In an interesting chapter he deals with the possible wars against which we must not be too ostrich-like to provide. His list includes France, Italy, Japan, U.S.A. and for limited wars (not directly menacing our existence) Afghanistan, Russia and Turkey. Germany and China are added as potential enemies temporarily out of action.

The improvements advocated by Mr. King-Hall are a Joint War College for the Army, Navy, and Air Force (which Mr. Baldwin has forestalled him by setting up) and a rearrangement of service estimates, all three being pooled and divided into two categories, the first including separate estimates for the three arms as at present, the second a Joint Defence Estimate covering items like the land defences of a naval base or the provision of motor lighters for troop transport, which are at present neglected because they most benefit another service than the one which has to pay for them. The discussion of the Ministry of Defence project consists mainly of already familiar opinions; Mr. King-Hall considers the idea theoretically attractive but unrealistic, his feeling apparently being that



such a concentration of power in the hands of one man would either prove a fiasco or, if it happened to work, a menace.

So many mediocre productions have been hailed by indiscriminating reviewers as books which everybody should read that this one will gain nothing by being added to their number; all the same we hope that the clarity and frankness of 'Imperial Defence' will cause it to be widely discussed.

## AN INCOMPLETE MANUAL

*The Primitive Races of Mankind: a Study in Ethnology.* By Max Schmidt, Professor at the University of Berlin. Harrap. 21s.

THE publisher's note on the paper cover of this work informs us that it includes both systematic and descriptive ethnology, and we are assured that there is no more complete manual of that science in existence. The author defines ethnology as the study of the voluntary manifestations of human activity outside the zones of Asiatic and European civilization; general ethnology is the comparative treatment of "the various elements contained in the economic facts regarding the manifestations of life among humanity outside of Asia and Europe"; special ethnology on the other hand is descriptive, in other words it is ethnography.

If we deduct the introductory part there remain for the author's task about one hundred thousand words, half of which are devoted to general, half to special ethnology. How far the book is from fulfilling its aim will be gathered from the fact that the comparative study of the mental life of man is dismissed in eleven pages; in the second portion the sixty millions of Dravidians are described in eleven lines. The author does not even attempt to discuss or describe the geographical distribution of a single element of culture.

Subjects such as metempsychosis, the dual organization, inheritance, the domestication of animals, animism, fetishism and the like are either not mentioned at all or dismissed with such brevity as to leave no impression on the mind of the reader. Who, for example, will be any the wiser for reading the eleven lines devoted to totemism? A dictionary would be more explicit. To discuss these subjects without at the same time considering their distribution and its significance would be sufficient to justify the exclusion of the work from the rank of a really modern textbook; and they are not even discussed. Beyond a few apodeictic assertions even the diffusion of culture is left unnoticed; a typical example of the author's method in this connexion is found in the statement that the only inference to be drawn from linguistic affinities between peoples is that there are, or have at some time been, direct or indirect relations between them.

For the philologist linguistic affinity has a very precise sense and he does not admit any evidence to be conclusive unless it is based on the common use of morphological elements and methods; the strong verb is, for example, characteristic of the Indo-European family. Does Professor Schmidt intend to deny the existence of this family? If he does, why does his map show Indo-Germans extending from Ireland to India? Does he mean to assert that the Basques are of a different race from all the remainder of western Europe? In both these cases he relies upon linguistic evidence for his classification. In the same way his map of Africa distinguishes between Bantu and other peoples; does the author suppose that all Bantu-speaking peoples are racially homogeneous? He himself tells us that the pygmies have taken over Bantu or Sudanic tongues in place of their own.

If on the other hand Professor Schmidt admits linguistic evidence his attitude on the question of

culture diffusion becomes wholly untenable; he tells us that no affinity has been shown to exist between the languages of America and those of the old world and regards the point as a decisive contra-indication of any possible community of culture. Professor Schmidt wrote in 1924, but the lapse of two years has seen revolutionary changes in the matter. Eskimo has been shown to be akin to the Finno-Ugrian languages and Rivet has brought forward evidence that the Chono language of S. Chile is connected with the old Australian group while Hoka, in California, is of Melanesian origin. Questions of this sort are within the competence of philologists alone; but as so conservative a worker as Meillet stood sponsor for the theory before the French Academy there can be little doubt that these revolutionary discoveries have a firm basis. The facts were available more than a year ago, but if they came to the knowledge of Professor Schmidt he took no steps to modify the text of his book.

These major defects do not stand alone; the author tells us that the language of Uganda is Kiganda; it is Luganda; the individual is Muganda, not Mganda; this tribe does not live in Central America as the text affirms. The aborigines of N.S. Wales were not the only Australian natives to use the dug-out; some of the Queensland outriggers were fifty feet long; a glance at the relevant literature would have corrected this blunder. We are told that the Micronesian excels the Australian and the Polynesian in pottery; as the Australian has no pottery it is not improbable; but it was unnecessary to add, four pages later, that the Polynesian was in the same case; the author himself contradicts this only six pages later.

It is possible that some of these blunders are due to the translator; one of the plates shows two negroes being cupped, the German for which is "schröpfen," but the legend reads "scraping instruments." When we read of the Chinese hill tribes of Further India we may perhaps infer that tribes of the Chin Hills was in the original. Again, Melanesians use a kite for fishing, not a dragon; the Ostiaks are disguised as the East Yaks; Kano is spelt with a "C"; Heitsi Eibib becomes Heitsi Cibib; the Munda are termed Indo-Australians, perhaps because their language is related to Indonesian which forms part of the Austronesian family. Sequoya, the Cherokee who invented a script, is turned into a tribe named Sequoya. A general treatise on ethnology is undoubtedly needed, but this book does not supply the need; a redeeming feature of the work are the illustrations, which are excellent.

## RESUSCITATED MYSTERIES

*Dreads and Drolls.* By Arthur Machen. Secker. 10s. 6d.

STEVENSON once wrote, in collaboration with Shenley, a play which was both a tragedy and a farce; and there have been many other such plays, though not so described by their authors. Off the stage the phenomenon is, perhaps, even commoner. It is commonest of all in the courts of justice. Crime may begin and end in tragedy, but in the intervening period the criminal can generally be relied upon to provide us with a little comic relief. Mr. Machen's differentiation between "Dreads" and "Drolls" must not, then, be taken too literally. His "Dreads" are often drollier than his "Drolls"; his "Drolls" have frequently an eerie quality about them that checks you in the middle of your laugh. The distinction will not stand much examination; the title, to be frank, is not a good one.

What Mr. Machen always does—and has done again here—so superbly well is to reconstruct for us, in a few words, some of the most famous mysteries of the past. He does it so extremely briefly that one

sometimes wonders whether he would not have been well advised to allow himself a little more space; but the moment you take an often-told story like that of Madame Rachel, or the informer Blee, or the even more famous Campden case of 1660, when two sons and a mother were executed, on the confession of one of them, for the murder of a missing man who afterwards turned up alive and well—when you read Mr. Machen's version of cases like these you recognize at once that the secret of his brevity is that he can say as much in two pages as another man will in six. He seems to get to the heart of the matter with the ease and precision of a surgeon's knife; he gives you just one glance at it and turns immediately to his next case. Considerations of space? Of course. These articles were all written for the Press originally. But it is a style that suits Mr. Machen. He fails only when, leaving the simpler psychology of the ordinary criminal, he tries his snap-shot methods on a complicated bundle of contradictions like the character of Casanova; or attempts to deal with such a subject as 'The Gay Victorians' in five or six short pages. Even then he fails gloriously.

### A SIDELIGHT ON CHINA

*Ten Weeks with Chinese Bandits.* By Harvey J. Howard. Illustrated. The Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.

CHINA is very much in the news just now, and though the events narrated in this volume took place in an obscure corner of Northern Manchuria they are not altogether irrelevant in their illumination of the question of the integrity of the Chinese civil and military minor officials. It is only a slight exaggeration to say that half the bandits were ex-soldiers, half the soldiers ex-bandits, and many of the others both at once! Certainly it appears evident that the soldiers co-operated with the bandits in collecting tolls levied upon the unfortunate farmers, while the outlaw leaders maintained regular friendly relations with influential officers, so that one begins to feel that in the ordinary course of things banditry in China, with its "company organization, its officers, its bank account, and its own system of records and bookkeeping," must be not only a safe but even an established profession.

Unfortunately for themselves, these bandits of the Black Dragon River went a little too far when, in July, 1925, they took Dr. Howard prisoner and at the same time murdered his host—another American, Major Palmer, a ranch-owner engaged upon philanthropic work which had attracted the favourable attention of the Chinese Government. This was an outrage that could not be overlooked, and Dr. Howard, only saved from death in favour of ransom, became finally a valuable hostage, the surrender of whom, after seventy days of flight, concealment, and hardship, was probably the means of several of his captors escaping with their lives. Though exhausted and emaciated, he was otherwise little the worse for his adventure, which, however unpleasant, would appear to have been too interesting to be altogether regrettable. Partly as a result of his medical skill, he was able to win the confidence of his guards, and it is typical of his personality that despite the terrible scenes he was forced to witness he was still able to realize so readily, so entirely without resentment, that these were in fact "human beings not unlike those with whom I had been meeting all my life." He entered into their lives (off-duty only, needless to say!) with considerable adaptability, tended their ailments, entertained them, took part in their athletic combats, and even began a series of daily classes to teach them English.

Yet, on the whole, it would appear that a bandit's life is not a happy one, nor does Dr. Howard exactly

recommend his experience to others—it is no doubt pleasanter to read about than it was to endure. He has made it all very readable, telling his story as straightforwardly as possible; he gives plenty of detail, but always interestingly, with the consequence that this book may be recommended equally to the student of the byways of Chinese life and to the boy looking for no more than a tale of exciting adventure.

### A GLIMPSE OF PERSIA

*Passenger to Teheran.* By V. Sackville-West. The Hogarth Press. 12s. 6d.

MISS SACKVILLE-WEST is, at heart, a whimsical, bashful kind of traveller. She seems, indeed, to be more than half ashamed of her liking for strange sights. Travel, she says, is, after all, "an irrational passion" that cannot be logically defended; the really great brains among us "prefer to doze by the gas fire and let the minarets and cupolas arise without risking the discouragements of disillusion." Then again, travel is so "uncomfortable" (she herself went everywhere by steamer, train or motor-car), and so "lonely," in the sense of being selfish and "private"; for try as we will, with brush or pen, we can never communicate its delights to our stay-at-home friends.

After all of which unnecessary excuses we expect a half-hearted, apologetic sort of travel book. We get precisely the opposite. Miss Sackville-West is not always pleased. Her impressions of a country depend, to a not inconsiderable extent, upon her moods, the state of her health, and so forth. But her likes and dislikes are recorded with equal vigour and enthusiasm (one suspects that, in retrospect, she enjoys them both equally) and disclose her, whatever her methods of locomotion, as a traveller born. Moreover, she has an unusual power of description, especially when she likes a place (as she does Persia), which goes far to redeem her travels from her own charge of selfishness. This year, apparently, she intends to go further afield—to Shiraz and the south—and if she can manage to get a little off the beaten track, and learn a few words of Persian, perhaps, and take that excellent camera with her again, the resulting book should give quite a lot of pleasure to large numbers of people whom she has never met. She will find that, contrary to her present opinion, European visitors can get to know something of the people without possessing Edward Browne's deep knowledge of their literature. And if she leaves the motor-car behind she will understand still better what Kinglake meant, in the passage which she quotes about making travelling your "mode of life" for a time if you wish to appreciate it fully.

In the meantime she has written a very entertaining little book. She was at Teheran during the recent Coronation ceremonies and gives an amusing account of that rather hectic week of State functions and firework displays—"the day fluttered with flags, the night dripped with gold." She gets to know everyone, and sketches all with sympathy and humour. Her best descriptive passages begin on the road to Isfahan—and of that we shall hope to get more from her soon.

### FRANCE AND HER HISTORY

*France.* By Sisley Huddleston. Benn. 21s.

EVERYONE who has followed Mr. Huddleston's career during and since the Peace Conference knows him to be a man of the most amazing industry. At the end of each chapter in this book he gives a formidable list of works to be consulted, and there is ample evidence that he has consulted them himself. But he has also dissected all this information with a care and impartiality which are extremely uncommon.



The result is that he has produced a volume as worthy to appear in a series which includes Dr. Gooch's 'Germany' and Professor Toynbee's 'Turkey' as Dean Inge's 'England' was unworthy, since it was neither impartial nor unbiased.

'France' appears in 'The Modern World' Series, which is edited by Mr. H. A. L. Fisher. It is consequently not merely a history of France nor a survey of the country as it is to-day. The aim of the Series is to give "A Survey of Historical Forces," and it is, therefore, not surprising that Mr. Huddleston has found six hundred pages quite insufficient for his task, since, in dealing with the history of France, he has to deal with the history of the whole European continent. The result is that politicians and soldiers have always to be in the limelight and, when we turn to the intellectuals, we find little more than a list of names, although France is so incomparably more important as an intellectual than as a military power. Even this list of names is incomplete. Among writers of to-day, for example, we do not find the name of André Maurois, who surely deserves a paragraph to himself, since no other writer is doing so much to make France understood in this country and this country understood in his own. This is undoubtedly a weakness of the book, but it is a weakness which is almost unavoidable. One cannot make a molehill out of a mountain, and one cannot compress France between the pages of a single volume.

If we did not keep in mind the intellectual achievements of the French, if we did not remember that Henri IV was one of the parents of the League of Nations and that Victor Hugo was one of the parents of the Pan-European Movement, we might well be depressed. We have to-day in Europe, despite the League of Nations, a system of defensive alliances which resembles all too closely that system France built up after 1870, and we find that Cardinal Richelieu shared M. Poincaré's obsession that France would have no security until her territories reached the Rhine. Although Mr. Huddleston is becoming so French that he likes to use such words as "puissance" and "viable" as though they were the most natural words to use, he judges the country of his adoption severely, and he lays on her the full share of blame for the wars of 1815, 1870 and 1914. He shows the French "security complex" as a grave danger to peace, not merely in the last few years, but ever since France became a nation, and we must hope that he is right in his belief that at last Frenchmen are beginning to realize the fallibility of their theory that safety lies on the Rhine.

Mr. Huddleston's book is divided into three parts: 'The Making of National Unity'; 'Between Two Wars'; 'The World War and After.' Had he confined Book I to a picture of France before 1870, he would have avoided a certain amount of repetition, but possibly he would not have been able to bring out so clearly those historical forces which have made the French what they are to-day. We should not have realized that the hatred of taxation is due to the excessive demands of Louis XVI, that the hatred of a Dictator has much to do with the muddle of the Third Napoleon, and that the hatred of the authorities dates from the brutal suppression of the Communards. The author is not afraid to show us how, in his view, the peculiarities of the Frenchman to-day are attributable to events which occurred centuries ago, and in almost every case one feels his courage is justified. The "Philosophes" will probably turn in their graves when they learn that the Revolution was caused much less by their writings than by the licentiousness of the aristocracy, but Mr. Huddleston has many other historians who will support his thesis.

'France' will be read by every student of foreign affairs, for undoubtedly no other recent book in English so helps us to understand the character of the French. Was it not Cavour who wrote that "La

logique française consiste à s'entêter lorsque les circonstances changent"? His epigram contained a great deal of truth, as does Mr. Huddleston's explanation of the so-called instability of the French. "The French character," he writes, "is a curious blend of passions which may be essentially unreasonable, and of logic which, pushed too far, is almost equally unreasonable." We have suffered enough since 1918 from this lack of reason; but, with the help of Mr. Huddleston's book, we can remain devoted admirers and, we hope, understanding friends of France. That Mr. Huddleston is a friend, despite his criticisms, there can be no doubt. But even friendship may be carried too far. Why must he write of "Henri" Heine, when it is impossible to go a mile in Germany without hearing someone singing the songs of that essentially German poet? Should we, because Keats died in Rome, refer to him as "Giovanni"?

## REMINISCENCES

*Secret and Confidential.* By Brigadier-General W. H. H. Waters. Murray. 18s.

*The Chronicles of a Contractor.* By George Pauling. Edited by David Buchan. Constable. 10s. 6d.

THE author of a book of personal reminiscences sets out, no doubt, in every case, with the single-minded intention of entertaining his readers. From the storehouse of his memory he means to select just those incidents which may be expected to amuse or interest the general public, carefully excluding those which only interest himself. With most of us the latter class would be in such a vast majority that the selection would be easy; but with people like Brigadier-General Waters and the late Mr. George Pauling, who have been to so many places and lived on such easy terms with the rich and the great, the difficulty must surely be to know what to exclude. Yet they frequently make the wrong choice. In the case of General Waters it is not too much to say that his book would have been equally interesting if it had been half the length.

Perhaps the trouble is that the writers of reminiscences are too often men with grievances. They start out to instruct and amuse us, but talking of old days opens old wounds, and before we know where we are we find ourselves ploughing through lengthy descriptions of departmental squabbles, of differences of opinion with this personage and that, of the merits of which we have neither the ability nor the patience to judge. General Waters is temperamentally a partisan; he takes sides about everything; all his acquaintances are placed firmly with the sheep or the goats. His politics are easy to detect; Lord Balfour is only mentioned in connexion with his unfortunate loss of a confidential document, but Mr. Lloyd George is "that wonderful man." He liked the late Duke of Cambridge and the Czar and King Edward VII, but not—well, many others!

He is at his best on the Czar. He knew that unfortunate monarch well, and reports many private utterances of his, some of them strangely prophetic. For instance, he once said to General Waters, speaking of the dismissal of Sazonov:

If a Revolution should occur, those moderate men, like Sazonov, would be swept away in two weeks, and then there would be chaos.

Mr. Pauling's memories are much mellow. He had a desperately hard struggle in his early days, but the story of his middle life is a long record of engineering triumphs, and he ended without a grumble against life. He too met many interesting men. With Cecil Rhodes he "clashed" more than once, but he records his genuine admiration for that great organizer and pioneer.

## NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

*Skin-Deep, or Portrait of Lucinda.* By Naomi Royde-Smith. Constable. 7s. 6d.

*Cloudburst.* By Neville Brand. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

*And Then Face to Face.* By Susan Ertz. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.

*Love's Echo.* By Mrs. Fred Reynolds. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

IT would be unfair to call Miss Royde-Smith's title a criticism of her book. She is portraying a shallow character. Lucinda, the beautiful Duchess of Merioneth, is a stupid woman; so stupid that rather than forgo an hour's face-massage she breaks an engagement with her lover. Luncheon, even more than loveliness, was his guest; and we can imagine his chagrin at being told off to conduct the Duchess's daughters to the Zoo, even granting that they were his as much as hers. The trouble is that Miss Royde-Smith, being so far from stupid herself, is a little impatient of this quality in her heroine. Why trouble, she must have asked herself, about a character who can spend a month incognito in Surrey picking up fir-cones for the sake of her figure? Accordingly Miss Royde-Smith fixes her attention not on what Lucinda is, but on what she does: namely, attend beauty-parlours, sweat, bant, reduce, have her face lifted, in fact fight the weakness of the flesh whenever and wherever it asserts itself. The combat is a physical one. The moral weakness of the flesh (in spite of the wit who described her as "fast, but not loose") she tolerates. After all, if the twins were not entitled to call the Duke father, neither was the heir entitled to call her mother.

The Merstham-Towyns, then, were a rather disreputable family, and disappointed the American lady who, like the rest of the world, had heard so much of the beauty of Lucinda Merioneth. The gossip at the theatre disappointed her; the casual encounter at the beauty specialist's establishment (the best scene in the book) disillusioned her. She must have been a sentimentalist, for after all, what was Lucinda to her? More living, perhaps, than to us who know her history in fuller detail. The book is like an environment in search of a character. Lucinda is the *corpus vile* of her creator's experiments, just as she was the lay figure on which fashionable medicine-women exercised their craft. She is an accessory of temporal splendours; like the cow in the foreground of a landscape, she gives the scale, she suggests distance and recession. She is the excuse for many sumptuous scenes, admirably described. Perhaps Miss Royde-Smith intended her to be no more than this. Perhaps the care she lavishes on the frame is meant to emphasize the portrait's lack of expression. But whatever irony may have originally lent weight to Miss Royde-Smith's conception is dissipated by the gusto and directness with which she approaches the various processes of the Duchess's physical rejuvenation: her heart is in these, and more than once, in her inventories of cosmetics, she is so much carried away as to appear rather their apologist than their critic. Perhaps the perfumes of Arabia are effectual after all. And yet she is not at all precious; she does not languish in lavender or swoon in spices. One hopes in vain that she will give one a lead, disclose a preoccupation, point a moral. Lacking these sign-posts, 'Skin-Deep' remains an interesting, occasionally brilliant, but ultimately incoherent and perplexing piece of work.

The drawback to sequels is that they are usually disappointing to admirers of their predecessors and

obscure to those who, like the present reviewer, are unacquainted with the parent stock. "'Cloudburst,'" says the advertisement, "is not in the ordinary sense of the word a sequel to 'Narrow Seas.'" As to the precise meaning of "ordinary" in relation to sequels I am a little vague; but I am certain that Mr. Neville Brand should have given plainer reasons, in this book, why the farm, outbuildings and property of Rodmire should have been the apple of discord that they were. Marshy and threatened by seepage, they are a curious symbol of the pride of possession. Rodmire seems to have been the kind of land that is good for nothing but to "make good" on; Ruth Jessel, with the help of a Lincolnshire bailiff who pined, not unnaturally, for his home county, makes good on it, and therefore, remembering Joanna Godden and her victories over stubborn glebe and refractory tilth, we presume it lies in Sussex: Sussex, the home of lost agricultural causes. Wanting evidence, then, we do not quite follow why Sinnel's farm and Rodmire were at loggerheads; why Susan Howe and her sister Ruth Jessel could scarcely meet, except under the spur of the former's approaching confinement; and why Arthur married Susan when he preferred a gipsy called Bess. We must attribute these violent but explained emotions to the influence of a paludal miasma. In tragic stories of the countryside the last thing any of the characters want is to go away; they sit still and grow more murderous every moment. So it is in the present instance. Reuben Howe did indeed build a detached dwelling for his son, only to try to burn it in a fit of madness consequent upon his son's arrest for murder.

But fragmentary as it is, 'Cloudburst' is a powerful and interesting story. Mr. Neville Brand has an unusual insight into motive and follows it up long after dramatic convention would have allowed, indeed counselled, him to stop. He records, as so few raconteurs do, the feeble rejoinder to the unanswerable remark. He never gives his characters a violent push and leaves them to free-wheel impressively but without volition down the easy unimportant slopes of the narrative. He lets their actions speak louder than their words, but never so loud as to drown them. Indirect commentary is apt to blur and confuse character; but Mr. Brand's analysis quickens and even creates it. Especially is this gift noticeable in the portrait of Arthur Howe, a blackguard judged by his words and actions, but in the light of Mr. Brand's interpretation curiously human and attractive. He is one of the few characters who can do a violent action without losing individuality, without becoming melodramatic or hardening into an impersonal force. The distinction of 'Cloudburst' lies not in its construction, which is faulty, but in its sensitive responsiveness to experience.

The merits of Miss Ertz's short stories, on the other hand, are the merits of art, sometimes of artifice. She finds a theme and very deftly fits her characters to it. She selects, manipulates, arranges. She has as great a command of mood as of scene. She is indeed a practised performer, and we read her with the agreeable conviction that, though she may not take us up very high she will not let us down. The title story is an admirable study in the supernatural; 'The Country Walk' will bring balm to many an inferiority-complex; in the comedy of 'Henry and the Muse' the most jaded reader will find refreshment. Miss Ertz offers a small target to the critic. She makes few mistakes; her shortcomings are limitations, not imperfections. She has no message for the prophetic soul of the wide world dreaming on things to come, but to the mundane-minded her book is a delight.

Aspen, painter and divorcée, is the heroine of 'Love's Echo,' and:

All the men who had influenced Aspen's life had been big men. Dear old Admiral Sturridge, so tall that he stooped a little, as though from long years of confined ship places. Martin White, tall and spare, with the exceeding spare grace of an Eastern. Max Whitwell, light and slim, yet in height



above the average. Poor Raymond, like a young larch towering to heaven. John with his clean build and perfect proportion of all of them, the most tree-like. And Clifford, taller in reality than his squareness gave him credit for.

Aspen, although a minnow, managed to give a good account of herself among these Tritons. But why is 'Echo' writ singular?

## SHORTER NOTICES

**The Actor in Dickens.** By J. B. Van Amerongen. Palmer. 7s. 6d.

DICKENS'S enthusiasm for the theatre and the elements of "staginess" in his work are so obvious that it is surprising to find that no book has dealt with this aspect of Dickens in any comprehensive way. Mr. Van Amerongen's work, therefore, even in these days of massive Dickensiana, has a really valuable place. Luckily Mr. Van Amerongen has not scamped his difficult and extensive task, and he has divided it up into a most logical and interesting study. He deals first with Dickens himself as an actor in private theatricals and as a reader of his own work. After an inner-chapter on the stage of Dickens's day, he gives a full account of the plays written partly or entirely by Dickens and then proceeds to a very full analysis of the theatrical qualities of his novels as well as drawing attention to the direct theatrical references. We cannot help feeling that at times Mr. Van Amerongen has been inclined to attribute to theatrical influence what is really only in the ordinary way of the novelist's business, but he produces sufficient evidence to prove his contention of Dickens's great debt to the stage. That it was to such a very poor thing that Dickens owed this debt is strong argument for his genius. This book is not only fascinating reading to the Dickensian, but is a definite addition to the books of permanent interest on Dickens?

**The Bacchanals of Euripides.** Translated by Margaret Kinmont Tennant. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

"THE BACCHÆ," notes Macaulay, "is a most glorious play. . . It is often very obscure, and I am not sure that I fully understand its general scope." Similar doubts have prevailed since his day among scholars. Miss Tennant cleverly suggests that the bold and impious Pentheus was a hit at Alcibiades, but when she supposes that the subject of the play is "the human soul defying God," she makes a large statement. It seems to us that Euripides is weighing the amazing strength and beauty of the fanatic's faith against his dangers and excesses.

The translator's style is dignified and good, as in this speech of Tiresias setting out with Cadmus in renewed youth to the Bacchic dance:

No argument can filch our heritage,  
Religion, that is as old as time; no sage,  
Set on a pinnacle above his peers.  
Will any say I shame my hoary hair  
When out I go a-dancing, ivy-crowned?  
The god has set no bourn; he chose not youth  
To dance for him; he looks to young and old  
For common service; and there is no place  
For magic numbers at his festival.

Here "magic" is not a Greek adjective, and the original is obscure, but more fidelity to the Greek in general might, perhaps, have been achieved without loss to the English. We notice that the end of the play has been written up from the available fragments. The treatment of the Chorus without rhyme is a bold step which the vogue of free verse may justify, and the Appendix 'On Quantity and Accent' adds some good comments to that much vexed subject.

**Capitalism is Socialism.** By J. Taylor Peddie. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

IT seems strange for a person so obviously omniscient as Mr. J. Taylor Peddie, F.R.E.S., F.S.S., to have bothered to submit his work to the judgment of ignorant men like ourselves, much less to address to us a long personal letter to the effect that by booming his book "the Press, as before, can render a great national and international service." What makes this humility even stranger is that the most we can say must inevitably seem an anti-climax, since it would hardly be possible for us to express an opinion of him so high as the one he already holds. In this predicament we can do no more than follow his exhortation and give publicity to as many portions of his gospel as space allows.

I do not agree with the general belief that we are the slaves of economic doctrine. If we are to apply science to industry, the established principles of economic science can be no exception. I believe we can bend the principles of the science to our will, that they are there to serve our purpose, and not that men shall suffer from the application of them.

The poor we shall always have with us, but the degree of poorness will be relative.

Wages and profits are the reward of enterprise. Unemployment and loss are the penalties of failure. It is solely a matter of national psychology and the will to achieve and

render service: to put service above self; of acquiring the correct perspective and method of approach to the subject.

In our opinion it is better to err on the side of over production, since the main object of life must always be to create an abundance of all things, so that we may get the most out of it.

Mr. Peddie's fundamental concept is (so far as we have been able to make it out) that it would be a good thing to make the British economic system something like the American, only more so.

**The Immortal Isles.** By Seton Gordon. Photographs by the Author; illustrations by Finlay Mackinnon. Second edition. Williams and Norgate. 15s.

THIS second edition of Mr. Seton Gordon's 'Immortal Isles' is gratifying evidence that people are awakening to the truth that to compass the lives of wild beasts and wild fowl is as good sport as to compass their deaths, and that a lucky snapshot with a camera can make as exciting a story as the same sort of shot with rifle or gun. The Immortal Isles, here so faithfully portrayed, are the Outer Hebrides. The author knows their every mood and is familiar with all their inhabitants. "The people of the Isles in their simplicity, dignity and charm are," he says, "a race apart." Glorious as are the sunrises and sunsets, it is the winds that, so to speak, strike the key note of the weather of the day. And the saying goes:

From the East comes the Crimson Wind,  
From the South the White,  
From the North the Black,  
From the West the Grey Wind.

The bird life of these outer isles is varied and abundant, many photographs of raven, gull, merlin, skua, etc., taken close up upon their nests are given. An extraordinary story is told of how a flock of green cormorants during an exceptionally hard frost were frozen fast to the rocks on which they roosted and before the thaw came they all perished.

Children often perceive a close resemblance between a benevolent elderly uncle and a great grey seal, but it is news to learn that the clan MacCodrum have adopted the seal as an ancient ancestor in the place of the hairy anthropoid. It does not save the seal from cold-blooded murder. This, however, is not senseless slaughter, for the oil obtained from the carcasses when boiled down is excellent nourishment for cattle, especially in winter, and the skins when cured are made into waistcoats and sporrans. Mr. Mackinnon's headpieces and coloured illustrations give a good idea of the beauty of the islands.



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## THE CONNOISSEUR

## BRITISH MEZZOTINT PORTRAITS

NEARLY fifty years ago Chaloner Smith published his famous 'Catalogue of British Mezzotint Portraits.' Through his effort we have come to realize—and it is something more than a passing fashion—that mezzotint is a branch of translation-engraving capable of a suggestiveness no other can approach, indeed of something like perfection. Admiration has led to exhibitions and so to further study; and throughout, Chaloner Smith's work has been the gospel of the student. However, the need of some sort of textual criticism has grown with the advance of knowledge. To a large extent, in the work of the great masters, this was supplied by the British Mezzotinters Series. Mr. C. E. Russell has now brought to a successful end the long and exacting task of checking every detail in the great catalogue and adding to it prints and states of prints not previously recorded. His book ('British Mezzotint Portraits and their States,' 2 vols., Halton and Truscott Smith, £10 10s.) makes no attempt to usurp its predecessor's throne; he has designed it more modestly as the king's remembrancer in the form of a supplement. The whole appears to have been done with exactitude and scholarly caution, and must be regarded as the most important contribution to the subject that has appeared for some forty years.

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In the introduction, which with sixty-four excellent plates forms the first volume, Mr. Russell gives a brief summary of the history of the subject and some of the problems involved in it, without making a real contribution to our knowledge. He does not seem to have kept abreast of all the recent research that bears on the early period, and has not corrected the dates of David Loggan (1635-1692) nor extended Luttrell's active period to 1723. There is, as he says, still scope for important work on the early period; the connexion between Dutch and English mezzotinters and the whole of the Prince Rupert story should be gone over again.

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The plates are on the whole very well chosen. Perhaps J. R. Smith overweights the list: he is represented by eight, Valentine Green by four, and MacArdell by two only: one or more prints from the earlier period might well have been included. Although Mr. Russell in his second volume confines himself within the limits set by Chaloner Smith, he illustrates the work of Say, Reynolds, Turner, Meyer and Cousins, who come after his period. These plates should plead for themselves and incite those who can get Mr. Russell's courage.

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Naturally the bulk of the catalogue itself deals with additional states and corrections of the original. Besides this, nine new engravers have been identified, among them that tempestuous character, James Barry, R.A., and about two hundred and fifty prints by known, and over two hundred by anonymous engravers have been catalogued, which do not seem to have been recorded elsewhere. The additions to the work of the seventeenth century are of greatest interest. Two of the three new prints by Sherwin are of the first and second Dukes of Albemarle, thus strengthening the theory that the first Duke's influence procured Sherwin his introduction to Prince Rupert. Beckett gains five and Valck three prints; the lists of Blooteling and others are increased to a

smaller extent. By correcting the previous reading of a monogram, Mr. Russell has been able to constitute Jan van Somer the engraver of two prints previously attributed to his brother Paul (C.S. 9 and 15), and of two others formerly classed as "engraver unknown." Paul is recompensed by the addition of three unrecorded prints.

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As one would expect, nothing of great importance has been brought to light about the great engravers of the later period, unless Mr. Russell's MacArdell 174a (Jonathan Swift) is really a new print and not identical with C.S. 19 III (additional notes). If the print is a new one, it very probably is the third known from his Irish period. But in one or two cases the newly published prints help us to determine more nearly the active periods of some less known engravers. Thus the earliest date on any of Pelham's prints mentioned by Chaloner Smith is 1720. It now seems possible to attribute to 1714 or 1715 the James, second Duke of Ormonde (C.E.R. 30a), on the ground that his styles in the inscription can only suit 1714, and as he was attainted and his titles forfeited in August, 1715, it is unlikely that the print was done later. This, too, would make Redgrave's date for Pelham's birth, c. 1684, more plausible. In the same way one is tempted to assume that as Sir Robert Chambers is described on G. Dawe's print (C.E.R. 2c) as Chief Justice of Bengal, the print was done during his tenure of the office, 1789-1799. This would then be the earliest print of an interesting series now numbering twenty-four prints, and would lend some colour to the legends of the early age at which George Dawe started as an engraver.

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Mr. Russell makes one very doubtful addition to Jonathan Spilbury's list. The plate of Mary Fletcher (C.E.R. 15b) is signed "Jonathan Spilbury pinxt. Jonn. Spilbury sculpt." Mr. Russell comments on the great stylistic differences of this plate from any other of the list; but he does not explain why Spilbury used two different signatures on the same plate. "Jonn. Spilbury" occurs as an engraver's signature on one other plate (C.S. 1): Jonathan's engravings of his own work are nowhere else so signed. Very probably Mr. Russell has his reasons for this attribution: for his practice, contrary to Chaloner Smith's, is to state the authorities only when the question is open, withholding them when the evidence at his command is conclusive. This method may have its advantages; the book is more manageable and the page more readably set out. But knowledge is apt to die, and to know where information has been obtained may lead future workers to further discoveries.

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The index works efficiently so far as it has been tested. There are some small errors and variant spellings of the same names: but it is not worth while to make pin-pricks that hardly touch the body of the work. As Mr. Russell writes in his preface, there is no finality in cataloguing. He has placed the public deep in his debt, and with his publisher and printer is very much to be congratulated.

C. F. BELL

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¶ Competitors are reminded that if their solutions fail to arrive by or before the day and time stated, they are automatically disqualified. We continue to receive solutions to the Literary Competitions and to the Acrostic Competitions too late for consideration.



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## LITERARY NOTES

SOME little while ago discussion was aroused in France by a work called *Les Contradictions du Monde Moderne*. This is about to appear in English, as *Political Myths and Economic Realities*, through the firm of Noel Douglas. The author, M. Francis Delaisi, contends that Government depends on a popular support ensured only by correspondence between the system and the myth in the popular mind, and that the problem of statesmanship now is whether the system or the myth should be altered.

The second volume of the official account of *The Tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen* is announced by Messrs. Cassell. Dr. Carter's text is supplemented by reports by various experts on special subjects, and there are to be over 150 illustrations.

The addition of twenty volumes to the Everyman series (Dent, 2s.) deserves mention because the general editor has ranged widely enough to bring in *Holinshed's Chronicle* as used by Shakespeare and a selection of *Anglo-Saxon Poetry*. It is odd, however, that Blake and Poe should have obtained admission only now.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall's most important announcement for the spring is that of *The Complete Works of Walter Savage Landor*, in sixteen volumes, edited by Mr. T. Earle Welby, who is also responsible for a critical biography of Landor to be issued separately by the same publishers. The edition of Landor will be limited to 525 sets for England and America. From the same firm will come Dr. Burch's *Jesus Christ and His Revelation*, and a novel by Ruth Brockington, called *When the Devil Drives*.

Mr. Martin Secker's announcements include *New Writings* by Hazlitt, a second series, edited by Mr. P. P. Howe; *Studies in the Contemporary Theatre*, by Mr. John Palmer, and a new thin-paper edition of the novels of Mr. D. H. Lawrence.

The Cambridge University Press will shortly publish *An Introduction to the Theory of Perception*, by Sir John Herbert Parsons. This will be added to the Cambridge Psychological Library, in which an earlier work by the same author appeared. A book of *Essays on Old London*, by Mr. Sidney Perks, is also to be published very soon.

Two books from Messrs. Benn's list of forthcoming publications will be especially interesting to readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW. Mr. A. A. Baumann is writing a series of biographical appreciations of past and present writers and statesmen based largely on his personal recollections of them. Mr. Gerald Gould will, next month, publish a new volume of poems.

Messrs. Constable announce that they are issuing, among many new books, a new edition of Mr. Havelock Ellis's *A Study of British Genius*, which was first published in 1904. They are also publishing a limited edition of Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year* and a reprint of *Western Mysticism*, by Dr. Cuthbert Butler.

The Notable British Trials Series, published by Messrs. William Hodge, Edinburgh, is shortly to have a new volume added to it in *The Trial of H. R. Armstrong*, edited by Mr. Filson Young.

## NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

*The Fall of Robespierre* (Williams and Norgate, 8s. 6d.) by Professor Albert Mathiez, of the University of Dijon, is an attempt to revalue Robespierre in the light of recent research, and without the bias which the author ascribes to believers in the Danton legend.

Two important new volumes in *The History of Civilization* series (Kegan Paul, 16s. each) are *Rome, the Law-Giver*, by Professor Declareal, and *Primitive Italy* by Professor Léon Homo.

In *The Netherlands Display'd* (Bodley Head, 25s.), Miss Marjorie Bowen offers a popular but serious sketch of Dutch history. The illustrations are numerous and fresh.

Bringing together "twenty-four leaders of contemporary thought," Count Hermann Keyserling has produced *The Book of Marriage* (Cape, 21s.), which unlike some such collections of views, has been scientifically planned with the precise nature of the problem kept strictly in view.

*The Best Poems of 1926* (Cape, 6s.) shows Mr. Moulton once more successful in bringing together a collection of verse in which there is great variety. Our own columns have been drawn upon for poems by Mr. Conrad Aiken, Mr. Edward Davison, and Mr. Force Stead. With this volume we have received *The Best Short Stories of 1926* (Cape, 7s. 6d.). This, dealing with English stories only, gives us work of great merit by Mr. Coppard, Mr. Bullett, Mr. Huxley, and others.

*Guy de Maupassant* (Knopf, 21s.) by Mr. Ernest Boyd, comes from the editor of the novels and stories issued by the same publisher, and is described as pioneer work.

*Agricola's Road into Scotland* (Bodley Head, 10s. 6d.) is by Miss Jessie Mothersole, who has utilized, apparently, every source of information, and who illustrates her own book.

*Krylov's Fables* (Cape, 7s. 6d.) is a rendering into English verse by Professor Bernard Pares, who has sought to reproduce the vagaries of the original, and who is, it seems, the first to render the fables as a whole.

*Anglo-Irish Literature* (Longmans, 6s.), which has an introduction by A. E., is a frankly popular attempt by Mr. Hugh Law to get the older Anglo-Irish writers read with appreciation of their more obvious qualities.

## OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED

ALONG THE RIVIERAS OF FRANCE AND ITALY. Written and illustrated by Gordon Home. Dent. 7s. 6d.

ADVERTISEMENT DESIGN. By R. P. Gossop. Chapman and Hall. 21s.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHINESE DOG. By Florence Ayscough. Cape. 6s.

AUNT POLLY'S STORY OF MANKIND. By Donald Ogden Stewart. Brentano's. 7s. 6d.

CHINESE WHITE. By David Calder Wilson. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

THE CELTIC CHURCH AND THE SEE OF PETER. By J. C. McNaught. Blackwell. 7s. 6d.

CANADIAN FOLK SONGS (OLD AND NEW). Selected and translated by J. Murray Gibbon. Dent. 6s.

DRY MARTINI: A GENTLEMAN TURNS TO LOVE. By John Thomas. Brentano. 7s. 6d.

THE EXPANSION OF EUROPE. By Ramsay Muir. Constable. 12s.

EDISON. By George S. Bryan. Knopf. 18s.

HALF WAY. By Desmond Coke. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

THE INQUISITION. By A. L. Maycock. Constable. 12s. 6d.

THE LETTERS OF GEORGE GISSING. Collected and arranged by A. and E. Gissing. Constable. 18s.

THE PLACE OF PLAY IN EDUCATION. By M. Jane Reaney, D.Sc. Methuen. 3s. 6d.



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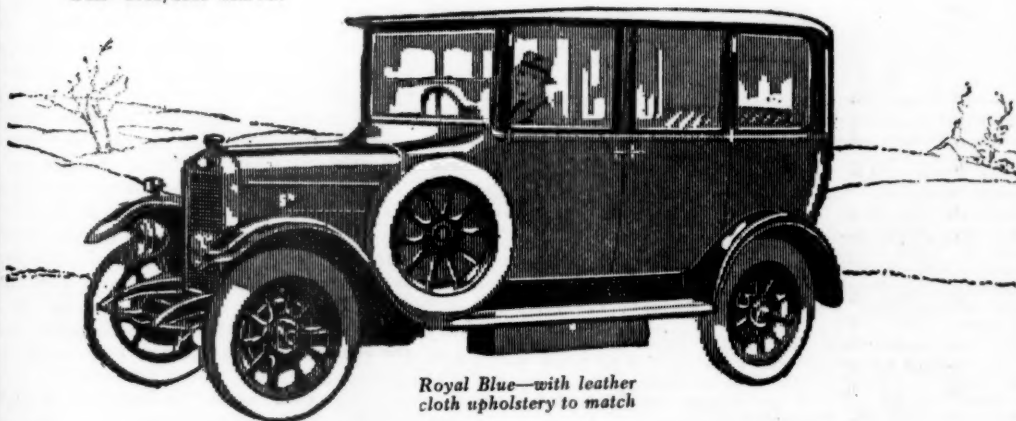
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## RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name appears on the list printed on the Competition Coupon.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Award of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following the date of publication.

To avoid the same book being chosen twice, books mentioned in 'Literary Notes' (which, in many instances, are reviewed at length in a subsequent issue of the paper) are not eligible as prizes.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 252

WILD BRASTS I FOUGHT.—"AT EPHEBUS?"—O NO!  
IN AFRICA I ROAMED, THE FOREST-MONARCH'S FOE.

1. For comfort worn, for decency, for show.
2. Behead it,—and get rid of it you'd better.
3. Welcome when we unfold it from a letter.
4. Uncertain 'tis and dubious 'twill be found.
5. Reduce fair lady by a Roman pound.
6. Take half an organ great men sometimes blow.
7. Raised as a landmark where explorers go.
8. Proud, haughty, arrogant, assuming, smart.
9. To get this light, ask waiter for the carte.
10. Wear me you may—but ware my deadly bite!
11. 'Tis this to search for gas-leaks with a light.
12. Keen orbs in me a Grecian coin may spy.
13. His home it is that I have in my eye.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 250

T erra firm A <sup>1</sup> 1 Sam. xxv. 42.  
O flin G <sup>2</sup> *Lysimachia vulgaris*, Great Yellow Loose-  
A bigai L <sup>1</sup> *stria* is a well-known wildflower. The  
L ysimachi A <sup>3</sup> Greek name has the same meaning.  
L ow-sprite D <sup>3</sup> Dragons of the prime,  
S auria N <sup>3</sup> That tare each other in their slime.  
O bstacl E In Memoriam. lv.  
L ezu-reta W <sup>4</sup> Also known as the Dipper.  
V ulgarit Y <sup>5</sup> Vulgarit has been defined as "the behaviour  
E xcrescenc E of other people."  
R eptic A  
S witze R

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 250.—The winner is Sir Horace Monro, Woodlands, Binfield, Berks, who has selected as his prize 'Governments and War,' by Major-General Sir F. Maurice, published by Heinemann and reviewed in our columns on Jan. 1 under the title of 'Dirty Buttons.' Fifteen other competitors chose this book, sixteen named 'Lovers,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. de V. Balthwayt, Sir Reginald Egerton, Iago, Kirkton, Margaret, Martha, George W. Miller, Sisyphus, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Varach, C. J. Warden.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Ape, Armadale, Baldersby, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, Ruth Carrick, Ceyx, D. L., Doric, Reginald P. Eccles, Gay, John Lennie, Madge, N. O. Sellam, F. M. Petty, Shorwell, Still Waters, St. Ives, Twyford, H. M. Vaughan.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Barberry, J. Chambers, East Sheen, Eyelet, Hanworth, M. Overton, Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford, Oak-apple, Peter, Stucco, Trike, Captain W. R. Wolseley, Yewden. All others more.

EYELET.—Can we assume that young Greeks formed part of the ordinary diet of Polyphemus? In any case, as *Ephebe* is not an English word it is inadmissible. The dictionary you name has many faulty definitions; I think you will find that Rhapsodist and Rhymist are by no means synonymous.

E. P. G.—Your assumption that our Publishers' List has anything to do with advertising is quite unfounded. We cannot compel all English publishers to offer prizes in our Acrostic Competition. If a certain number are good enough to do so, we are grateful. The question is one that affects none but prize-winners, and they never complain.

ACROSTIC No. 249.—One Light Wrong: Jerboa, Peter. Two Wrong: Rikkl.

## MOTORING

## THE CARE OF BATTERIES

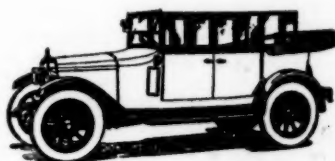
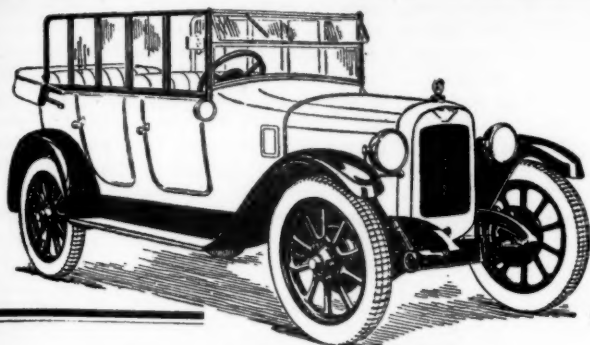
BY H. THORNTON RUTTER

AT this time of year motorists make greater use of the lighting and starting equipment fitted on their cars so that they also need to take greater care of the electrical accumulators. One is soon reminded of carelessness when the electrical starter cannot swing the engine quickly enough to produce sufficient sparking energy in the magneto on a cold morning, or, after leaving the lamps burning when the car is parked, there is difficulty in re-starting the motor. For this neglect the owner or driver has some excuse, on account of the habits of motor-car coach-builders, who stow the battery out of sight—and out of sight is often out of mind. It is for this reason that the Chloride Electrical Storage Company, who manufacture the well-known Exide batteries, have produced a new multi-compartment container for these cells which is designed for mounting on the running board of all makes of cars. Fitted with nickel-plated holding-down bolts and moulded lid, this type of battery improves the appearance of the car. Seeing the Exide on the step, the owner of the car is reminded that batteries occasionally require "topping."

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\* \*

In regard to the attention required by all electrical batteries, the details are so simple and easy that the most unskilled person can perform the work. The main cable leads from the cells should be carefully wiped clean and then vaseline smeared on them. By greasing these cables near the terminals of the battery sulphating is prevented from eating away the insulating material. This effectually prevents any damage being done to the cables, which is an important thing to prevent. Beyond seeing that the plates are properly covered by the electrolyte or liquid mixture of sulphuric acid and water, and adding distilled water to cover them if necessary, no other attention is really necessary, provided that the cells are kept fully charged by the dynamo fitted to the car. Cars that are used a great deal at night and in cities and towns where many halts are made and long runs are seldom taken, require their batteries recharged or "boosted" by a charging station once or twice during the year as an extra fillip, as the dynamo does not get the opportunity to recharge the cells with as much electrical current as has been extracted from them. If the car owner finds the dynamo charging the battery insufficiently the car should be taken to one of the electrical agents and have the dynamo adjusted to give a greater output at slow speeds. This is quite a simple matter that can be done in half an hour by an electrician as he has only to alter the "third brush" to permit of a higher voltage output. This "third brush," or opposed winding system, automatically prevents the current rising in pressure to an excessive amount at high engine speeds. That, and the thermostatic control fitted on the dynamos in the field circuit, protects the battery against excessive charging in the summer months when the calls upon the battery for lighting are small. The actual voltage of the dynamo used on cars is slightly greater than that of the batteries they have to charge, so that a dynamo on a six-volt lighting set will give out about eight or ten volts actually in normal running, and if twelve volts is the pressure used, that of the dynamo is about sixteen or twenty volts.





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## CITY NOTES

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

**A**LTHOUGH a considerable volume of business is not expected during the first account of the year, the one just completed has been by no means devoid of interesting features. Priority of place must be given to the strength of the gilt edged market, which, under the stimulation of the favourable reception accorded to the new Consolidated 4% Loan, has made an extremely good showing. The Home Railway market has made a decided move for the better. This is attributable partly to the fact that far-seeing investors are appreciating what industrial peace in this country must mean to the railways, and partly to the fact that the tribunal has sanctioned an increase of rates under its preliminary parliamentary powers. While many of us would have preferred to have seen prosperity reach the railways by a lowering of freights and an increase in the volume of goods transported, the fact must not be overlooked that those who have sunk their capital in home railway enterprises are as much entitled to receive a fair return in dividends as others who are interested in the manufacture of the goods transported.

The industrial market has been somewhat patchy, such business as has been transacted being mainly in specialities. Rumours have been prevalent to the effect that the directors of the Imperial Tobacco Company do not propose to distribute a bonus to their shareholders. There is no doubt that the wherewithal to supply this bonus is available. If its distribution is postponed it will be due to Budgetary fears. At the same time, I am not convinced that these rumours are based on any very solid foundation.

## NEWSPAPER SHARES

I referred last week to the activity in newspaper shares. This has been stimulated by the announcement of a bonus distribution on Associated Deferred shares. I am still of opinion that at present levels *Sunday Pictorial* shares are the best investment, an opinion which is strengthened by the belief that a bonus distribution on these shares will be forthcoming in the course of the next few weeks.

## INDUSTRIAL CONCERNS

A feature of the last week has been the commencement in dealings in various industrial concerns which have been introduced to the market without public subscription. The Ordinary shares of George Bassett, the old established confectionery manufacturers of Sheffield, were greatly sought after from the moment dealings started, which description is also applicable to the Ordinary shares in Beeby Bricks. Both these concerns appear to be doing well, and their shares at current quotations seem in their class good industrial investments.

## VENEZUELAN GOLDFIELDS

Considerable interest was also shown in the shares of the New Goldfields of Venezuela, which were also dealt in for the first time this week. This company has been formed to acquire and mine concessions in the State of Bolivar, Venezuela, from which, during the last century, some £5,000,000 of gold was recovered. The Board of the Company includes two

mining engineers of repute, and its prospects appear very favourable. A concern such as this is necessarily speculative, but it appears probable that considerable speculative activity will centre on the shares of the New Goldfields of Venezuela, Ltd. The capital of the Company consists of 1,000,000 £1 shares, which at the moment are only 10s. paid. Already these shares are talked to a high premium, and those who favour a speculation of this nature might be well advised to acquire a few at the present early stage.

## AFRICAN AND EASTERN TRADE CORPORATION

The accounts of the African and Eastern Trade Corporation for 1926 will not be issued until next July, but when they appear they should present very interesting reading. I anticipate that we shall find the Company has more than made up on the roundabouts what it has lost on the swings; the swings in this case being cotton—the fall in which must have proved very costly to the Corporation—and the West African trade being the roundabouts. In this direction the Company have done extremely well, because the Gold Coast has experienced a year of great prosperity owing to the enhanced price of cocoa, which is now such an important export from this part of Africa. It is a little difficult to prophesy accurately how the increase will pan out, particularly as the losses incurred through the coal stoppage must not be entirely ignored. At the same time I feel that those with patience would be well advised to lock away a few of these shares at the present price for a couple of years.

## PERUVIAN CORPORATION

The scheme for dealing with the arrears of dividend on Peru Pref. put forward by the directors appears fair to both classes of shareholders, and although it is already leading to considerable and acrimonious discussion, it will in all probability eventually be carried through. It is difficult to tell to what extent speculation will raise the price of the Ordinary stock above its intrinsic present value, but it would appear that at present levels the existing Preference stock is too low and the existing Ordinary stock is too high. It is suggested that a difference of at least 52 points should exist between the two classes, always assuming that the scheme goes through.

## MANBRE

The £1 Deferred shares of the Manbre Sugar Company, or as it is now known, Manbre and Garton, Ltd., are now being dealt in in their split form of 2s. shares. These 2s. shares have been changing hands at over 26s. ex-dividend, which is equivalent to over £14 for the old share. I see no reason to alter my previous forecast that in due course these new 2s. shares would reach a price equivalent to £15 for the old shares.

## MR. ROBERT BENHAM

It was with deep regret that the City learned last week of the death of Robert Benham, who had been associated with the financial side of journalism for many years. Of late Mr. Benham's activities had been limited to occasional contributions to the City column of *The Times*. He was ever ready to assist younger men, and his sound advice on financial matters will be missed by many of us.

TAURUS

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## Company Meeting

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COMPANY

## CONTINUED GROWTH OF THE BUSINESS

## STRONG FINANCIAL POSITION

The TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of British-American Tobacco Co., Ltd., was held on January 10, at the offices of the company, Westminster House, 7 Millbank, S.W.1, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Bt., the chairman, presiding.

The chairman said: Ladies and Gentlemen—Since the last annual meeting I regret to say that Mr. Charles Ernest Maconochie has retired from the board, owing to ill-health. Mr. George Cooper and Mr. Harold Robert Gough have been elected to the board to fill casual vacancies.

In the assets side of the balance-sheet you will observe that the item of real estate and buildings at cost less provision for amortization of leaseholds £517,023 shows an increase of £27,720 as compared with last year. This is accounted for by the erection of additional factory accommodation. Plant, machinery, furniture, and fittings at cost or under £603,304, shows an increase of £34,711. This increase is made up of items of additional machinery necessitated by the enlargement of factory accommodation. Goodwill, trade-marks and patents remain at the same figure as last year, viz., £200,000, and, in view of the great value of the company's trade-marks, the directors remain of the opinion that this item should appear on the balance-sheet, even if only at the nominal value of £200,000. Loans to and current accounts with our associated companies, £3,589,444, show an increase of £2,676,070. This is due to the expansion of the business of our subsidiary companies.

Investments in associated companies show an increase from £16,155,231 to £16,919,375. This is the largest item on the assets side, and shows an increase this year of £764,144. We have made investments during the past year by increasing our holdings in several associated companies. As I mentioned last year, the actual value of your proportion of the tangible assets of these associated companies considerably exceeds the figure at which the investments are carried in the books of your company. Stocks of leaf, manufactured goods, and materials, at cost or under, now stand at £5,023,031, or a decrease of £702,483. This decrease has been made up since September 30 last. The stocks of leaf, manufactured goods, and materials have been carried at cost or under as in previous years. Sundry debtors, less provision for doubtful debts, short term deposits (£4,250,000), and debit balances now stand at £5,199,836, an increase of £3,323,286. The bulk of the increase is accounted for by the cash received from shareholders in respect of the offer of one share for every five shares held by them. Cash at bankers, in transit, and at call, £2,148,339, shows a decrease of £748,809.

Turning to the liabilities side of the balance-sheet, the issued capital of 4,500,000 Preference shares remains the same, but the issue of Ordinary shares is increased from 16,071,445 to 23,480,767, an addition of 7,409,322 shares. This is due to a few shares issued to shareholders in respect of belated acceptances of the issue of shares under the resolution of May 10, 1920; to shares allotted to directors under the resolution of January 11, 1922; and to bonus shares and subscription shares allotted to shareholders under the resolutions of June 21, 1926. Creditors and credit balances, £4,432,672, represents a decrease of £323,654, on the figure at which it stood last year. The greater portion of these balances consists of provision for payment of taxation due to British, Dominion, and foreign Governments, and moneys deposited by our associated companies. The item of reserves for buildings and machinery remains at the same figure as last year, viz., £500,000, which your directors consider sufficient for the present. Premium on Ordinary shares issued now stands at £539,658, an increase of £77,225. This increase is due to the premium received on the shares issued to directors previously mentioned, and the sale of certain shares which were surrendered by one of the directors under the terms of the resolution of May 19, 1919. Provision for redemption of coupons now stands at £56,300, or a decrease of £143. Special reserve has increased from £1,352,754 to £1,714,242, an increase of £361,488. As your chairmen have stated in speeches in previous years, this account was created in which to carry profits of a capital nature.

This brings me to the last item, viz., profit and loss account. The accounts show a net profit for the year, after deducting all

charges and providing for income-tax of £6,195,817, an increase of £1,050,580 over the previous year, which the directors trust the shareholders will consider as being very satisfactory. Last year we carried forward a balance of £6,155,739, out of which we paid a final dividend of 2s. 3d. per share (free of income-tax), amounting to £1,809,162, which left us with a disposable balance of £4,346,576, to which has been added the sum of £755,299, being an adjustment in respect of United Kingdom Excess Profits Duty and United States taxation, thereby increasing the balance available to £5,101,875. During the year, as previously mentioned, some additional coupons have been deposited with us in respect of the shares issuable in pursuance of the extraordinary resolution of the shareholders of May 10, 1920, and we have allotted to shareholders thirty-two Ordinary shares of £1 each, and a sum of £32 is deducted from the balance, together with the sum of £4,047,482, in respect of the 4,047,482 Ordinary shares distributed to the Ordinary shareholders at the rate of one share for every four shares held, in accordance with the extraordinary resolution of June 21, 1926, leaving £1,054,361. To this must be added the profits for the year as previously mentioned, £6,195,817, less the Preference dividend amounting to £225,000, and the four interim dividends paid on the Ordinary shares for the year amounting to £2,999,005, leaving a disposal balance of £4,026,173, out of which the directors recommend the distribution on January 17 of a final dividend (free of British income-tax) on the issued Ordinary shares of 1s. 8d. per share, amounting to £1,957,719 13s. 4d. leaving £2,068,453 7s. 6d. to be carried forward, all of which is required in the operations of the company. The carry forward of £2,068,453 7s. 6d. will be slightly reduced owing to certain shareholders not having lodged their acceptances till after the issue of the directors' report.

I now formally beg to move the adoption of the report and balance-sheet for the year ended September 30, 1926, including payment on January 17 instant of a final dividend of 1s. 8d. per share upon the issued Ordinary shares, free of British income-tax. I may also mention that the directors have declared for the year 1926-27 an interim dividend of 10d. per share, free of British income-tax, also payable on January 17, so that the shareholders will receive on that date 2s. 6d. per share. I will now ask Mr. Gilchrist to second the resolution.

Mr. S. J. Gilchrist seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

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*Eighty-fifth Statement of Assets and Liabilities, 31st December, 1926.*

Dr.	LIABILITIES	£	s.	d.	ASSETS	£	s.	d.	Cr.
To Capital paid up	...	1,060,000	0	0	By Coin, Bank and Currency Notes and Balance at Bank of England	5,487,653	8	0	
To Reserve Fund	...	530,000	0	0	By Balances with, and Cheques in course of Collection on, other Banks in the United Kingdom	1,276,803	1	0	
To Current, Deposit and other Accounts	...	30,766,210	9	10	By Money at Call and at Short Notice	6,095,400	0	0	
To Acceptances and Engagements on account of Customers	...	1,428,287	12	5	By Bills Discounted	943,844	9	7	
To Reduction of the Bank Premises Account	...	183,497	17	3	By Investments:—				
					British Government Securities (including £741,253 1s. 8d. deposited as Security for Public Accounts)	8,658,643	18	7	
					Other Securities	843,909	8	2	
						7,499,649	3	9	
					By Advances to Customers and other Accounts	10,541,358	4	9	
					By Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances and Engagements as per contra	1,428,287	12	5	
					By Bank and other Premises (Freehold)	668,000	0	0	
						33,967,995	19	6	

£33,967,995 19 6

## AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE AND REPORT.

We report that we have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books of the Bank, and have obtained all the information and explanations we have required, and we are of opinion that such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the Books

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10th January, 1927. Chartered Accountants.

J. B. S. TURNER,  
Secretary.  
10th January, 1927.

L. CURRIE,  
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## Miscellaneous

## FIRST EDITIONS AND FINE BOOKS

Barrie's Works. Kerriemuir ed. 10 vols. 1913. £7.  
Brooke (Rupert). Collected Poems. Riccardi Press. 1919. £3.  
Conrad. Nigger of the Narcissus. Inscribed copy. 1898. £5.  
Cruikshank. Greenwich Hospital. 1826. Fine copy. £8 10s.  
Dostoevsky. Poor Folk. 1864. Fine copy. £3 3s.  
Dowson's Translation of La Pucelle. 2 vols. 1899. £3 3s.  
Drinkwater. Abraham Lincoln. 1918. Scarce. £4.  
Hardy. Tess of the D'Urbervilles. 3 vols. 1891-2. £7 10s.  
Kipling. City of Dreadful Night. Allahabad. 1891. £5.  
Masefield. Widow in the Bye Street. 1912. Fine. £5 5s.  
Moore (George). Hail and Farewell. 3 vols. 1911-14. £2 10s.  
Nonesuch Book of Ruth. Very scarce. 1923. £8 15s.  
Shaw (G. B.). Fabian Essays. Fine copy. 1899. £1 15s.  
Stephens. The Divine Gods. 1914. Scarce. £4.  
Swinburne. Collected Poems. 6 vols. 1904. £4.  
Whistler. The Baronet and the Butterfly. N.D. £3.  
Wilde. Dorian Gray. L.P. Signed copy. 1891. £10 10s.  
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